























J. W. West

A. E. Jones

*Woodman spare that tree*



POEM

BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS



*Lisette*

On bridal day, her lips did say,  
Love, honour and obey.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIPNER,

1853





# P O E M S

BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WEIR AND DARLEY.

ENGRAVED BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

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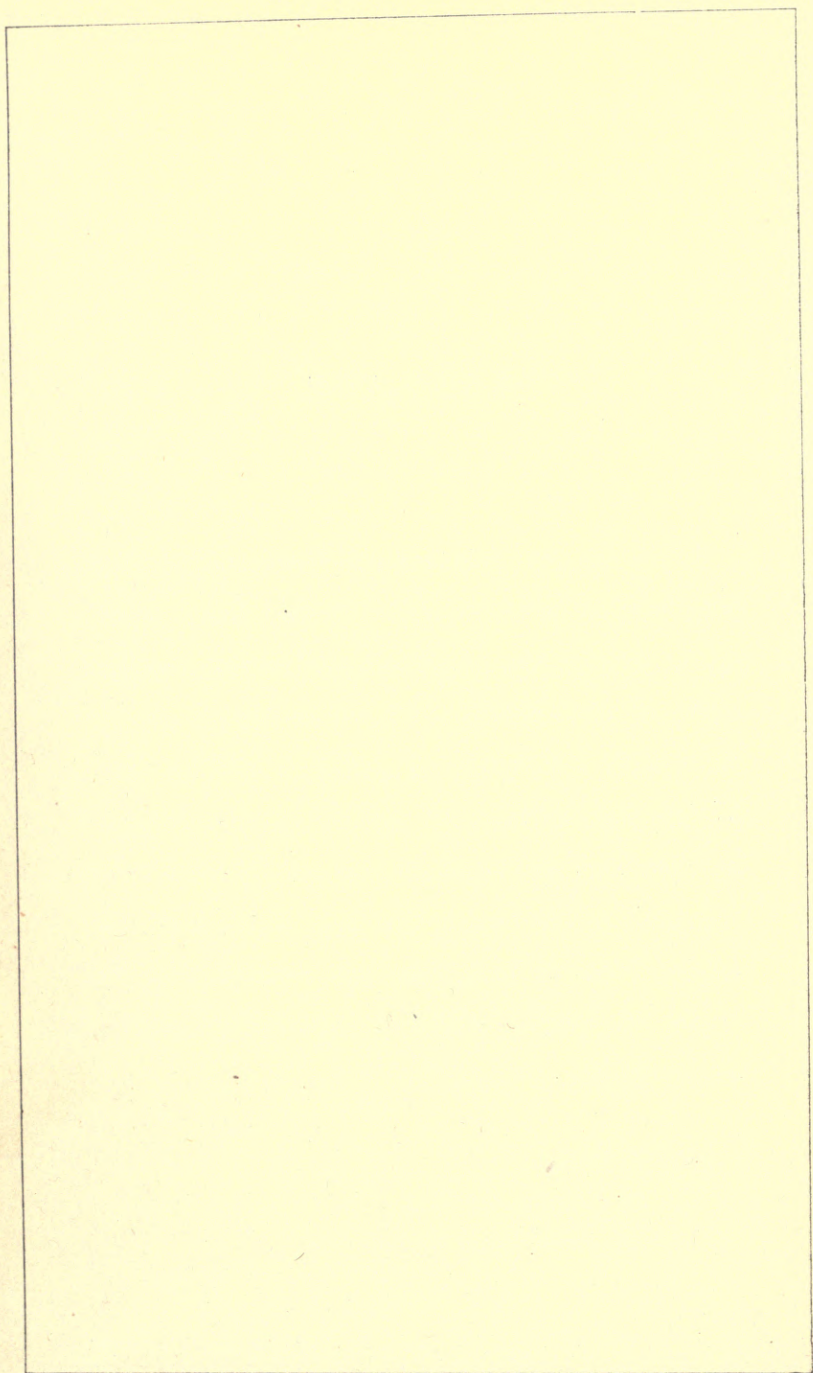


## P R E F A C E.

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At the time the following poems were written, there was no intention of ever collecting them in the present form. Although, as anonymous productions, they have attracted much attention, the author deemed them of too fleeting a nature to be published with his name. Various reasons, however, which it is unnecessary to mention, have overruled his original objections; and this work is submitted to the reader in the hope that, as the fragments have been well received, they will not be entirely unacceptable now that they are gathered into a volume.

NEW-YORK, 1853.





TO  
GEORGE ABERNETHY,

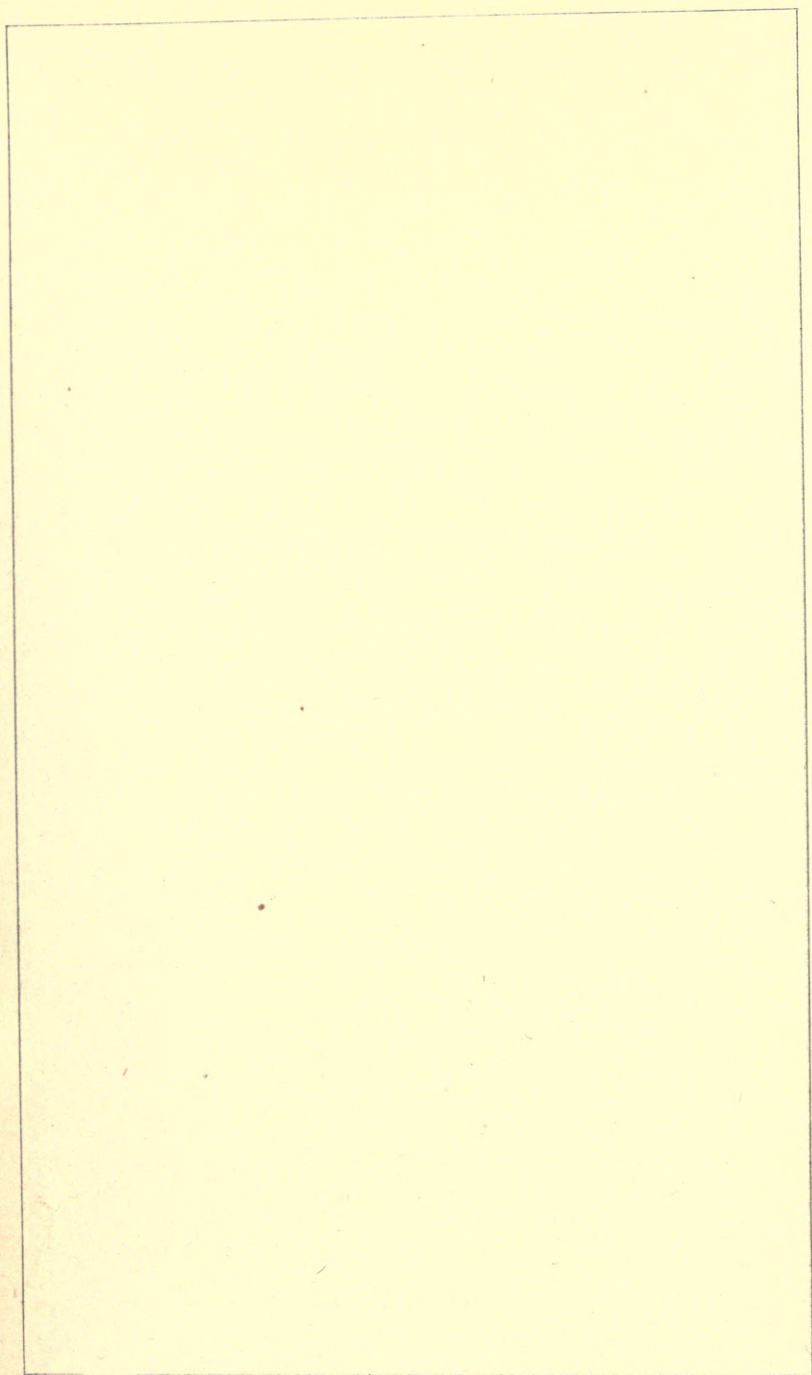
EX-GOVERNOR OF OREGON,

These Pages

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.





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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

DESIGNED BY WEIR.

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## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES. (*To face Title.*)

"Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'T was my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!"

*Woodman, spare that Tree, p. 35.*

## LISETTE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT. (*Titlepage.*)

"On bridal day, her lips *did* say,  
'Love, honour and obey!'"

*Lisette, p. 66.*

## PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT, FROM A PAINTING BY HENRY INMAN.

## THE CROTON ODE.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES.

"Safety dwells in her dominions,  
Health and Beauty with her move,  
And entwine their circling pinions  
In a sisterhood of love."

*The Croton Ode*, p. 27

## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES.

"'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,  
Hope's star to man grows dim,  
An angel kneels in woman's form,  
And breathes a prayer for him."

*The Chieftain's Daughter*, p. 56.

## THE DOG-STAR RAGES.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES.

"Had I a yacht, like Miller,  
That skimmer of the seas—  
A wheel rigged on a tiller,  
And a fresh gunwale breeze,  
A crew of friends well chosen,  
And all a-taunto, I  
Would sail for regions frozen—  
I'd rather freeze than fry!"

*The Dog-Star Rages*, p. 72.

## WHEN OTHER FRIENDS.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES.

"When other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine—

*When other Friends*, p. 105.



## THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT.

"Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky —  
When on the whispering winds there came  
The Teton's shrill and thrilling cry,  
And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame!  
The sun seemed rising through the haze,  
But with an aspect dread and dire:  
The very air appeared to blaze! —  
O God! the Prairie was on fire!"

*The Prairie on Fire*, p. 123.

## 'TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES.

"Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!  
'Tis now the promised hour,  
When torches kindle in the skies  
To light thee to thy bower."

*'Tis now the Promised Hour*, p. 177.

## ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

ENGRAVED BY ALFRED JONES.

"The Pilgrims of old an example have given  
Of mild resignation, devotion and love,  
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,  
A beacon-light swung in their mansion above."

*The Rock of the Pilgrims*, p. 210.

"The Mayflower having arrived in the harbour from Cape Cod, Mary Chilton entered the first landing-boat, and looking forward, exclaimed. 'I will be the first to step on that rock.' Accordingly, when the boat approached, Mary Chilton was permitted to be the first from that boat who appeared on the rock, and thus her claim was established."

*Thacher's "History of Plymouth,"* p. 30.

## THE MAID OF SAXONY.

DESIGNS BY DARLEY.  

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## FREDERICK THE GREAT.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT.

"What have we here?"

*Act I.—Scene IV., p. 281.*

## SOPHIA MANSFIELD.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT.

*Act II.—Scene I., p. 286.*

## WEDGEWOOD.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT.

"Silence in the court!"

*Act III.—Scene IV., p. 337.*







Townsend

Burt

Geo. L. Morris

# POEMS.

---

## THE DESERTED BRIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN THE PLAY OF THE HUNCHBACK.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

### I.

"LOVE me!—No.—He never loved me!"

Else he'd sooner die than stain

One so fond as he has proved me

With the hollow world's disdain.

False one, go—my doom is spoken,

And the spell that bound me broken!

### II.

Wed him!—Never.—He has lost me!—

Tears!—Well, let them flow!—His bride?

No.—The struggle life may cost me!

But he'll find that I have pride!

Love is not an idle flower,

Blooms and dies the self-same hour.



## III.

Title, land and broad dominion,  
With himself to me he gave ;  
Stooped to earth his spirit's pinion,  
And became my willing slave !  
Knelt and prayed until he won me—  
Looks he coldly now upon me ?

## IV.

Ingrate !—Never sure was maiden  
Deeply wronged as I. With grief  
My true breast is overladen—  
Tears afford me no relief—  
Every nerve is strained and aching,  
And my very heart is breaking !

## V.

Love I him ?—Thus scorned and slighted—  
Thrown, like worthless weed, apart—  
Hopes and feelings seared and blighted—  
Love him ?—Yes, with all my heart !  
With a passion superhuman—  
Constancy, "thy name is woman."

## VI.

Love, nor time, nor mood, can fashion—  
Love ?—Idolatry's the word

---

To speak the broadest, deepest passion,  
Ever woman's heart hath stirred!  
Vain to still the mind's desires,  
Which consume like hidden fires!

## VII.

Wrecked and wretched, lost and lonely,  
Crushed by grief's oppressive weight,  
With a prayer for Clifford only,  
I resign me to my fate.  
Chains that bind the soul I've proven  
Strong as they were iron-woven.

## VIII.

Deep the wo that fast is sending  
From my cheek its healthful bloom;  
Sad my thoughts as willows bending  
O'er the borders of the tomb!  
Without Clifford, not a blessing  
In the world is worth possessing.

## IX.

Wealth!—A straw within the balance,  
Opposed to love, 'twill strike the beam:  
Kindred—friendship—beauty—talents?—  
All to love as nothing seem;  
Weigh love against all else together,  
As solid gold against a feather.



## X.

Hope is flown!—Away disguises—  
Naught but death relief can give—  
For the love he little prizes  
Cannot cease, and Julia live!  
Soon my thread of life will sever—  
Clifford, fare thee well—for ever!



## THE MAIN-TRUCK; OR, A LEAP FOR LIFE.\*

A NAUTICAL BALLAD.

## I.

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,  
In the harbour of Mahon;  
A dead calm rested on the bay—  
The waves to sleep had gone;  
When little Jack, the captain's son,  
With gallant hardihood,  
Climbed shroud and spar—and then upon  
The main-truck rose and stood!

## II.

A shudder ran through every vein—  
All eyes were turned on high!  
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,  
Between the sea and sky!

\* Founded upon a well-known tale from the pen of the late WILLIAM LEGGETT, Esq.

No hold had he above — below,  
Alone he stood in air!  
At that far height none dared to go —  
No aid could reach him there.

## III.

We gazed — but not a man could speak! —  
With horror all aghast  
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,  
We watched the quivering mast.  
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,  
And of a lurid hue,  
As, riveted unto the spot,  
Stood officers and crew.

## IV.

The father came on deck! — He gasped,  
“O God, Thy will be done!”  
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,  
And aimed it at his son!  
“Jump, far out, boy! into the wave!  
Jump, or I fire!” he said:  
“That only chance your life can save!  
Jump — jump, boy!” — He obeyed.



## V.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved—

He for the ship struck out!

On board we hailed the lad beloved

With many a manly shout.

His father drew, in silent joy,

Those wet arms round his neck,

Then folded to his heart the boy,

And fainted on the deck!



## P O E T R Y.

## I.

To me the world's an open book  
Of sweet and pleasant poetry ;  
I read it in the running brook  
That sings its way toward the sea.  
It whispers in the leaves of trees,  
The swelling grain, the waving grass,  
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze  
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

## II.

The flowers below, the stars above,  
In all their bloom and brightness given,  
Are, like the attributes of love,  
The poetry of earth and heaven.  
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,  
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,  
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,  
And all the world with poetry.

## THE CROTON ODE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE CORPORATION OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK.

## I.

GUSHING from this living fountain,  
Music pours a falling strain,  
As the goddess of the mountain  
Comes with all her sparkling train.  
From her grotto-springs advancing,  
Glittering in her feathery spray,  
Woodland fays beside her dancing,  
She pursues her winding way.

## II.

Gently o'er the rippling water,  
In her coral-shallop bright,  
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,  
Decked in robes of virgin white.



Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,  
Urge her bark with pearly hand,  
Merrily the sylph beguiling  
From the nooks of fairy-land.

## III.

Swimming on the snow-curved billow,  
See the river-spirits fair  
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,  
With the foam-beads in their hair  
Thus attended, hither wending,  
Floats the lovely oread now,  
Eden's arch of promise bending  
Over her translucent brow.

## IV.

Hail the wanderer from a far land !  
Bind her flowing tresses up !  
Crown her with a fadeless garland,  
And with crystal brim the cup ;  
From her haunts of deep seclusion,  
Let Intemperance greet her too,  
And the heat of his delusion  
Sprinkle with this mountain-dew.







R. W. Wier

F. Halpin

*The Croton Cade*

## V.

Water leaps as if delighted,  
While her conquered foes retire !  
Pale Contagion flies affrighted  
With the baffled demon Fire !  
Safety dwells in her dominions,  
Health and Beauty with her move,  
And entwine their circling pinions  
In a sisterhood of love.

## VI.

Water shouts a glad hosanna !  
Bubbles up the earth to bless !  
Cheers it like the precious manna  
In the barren wilderness.  
Here we wondering gaze, assembled  
Like the grateful Hebrew band,  
When the hidden fountain trembled,  
And obeyed the prophet's wand.

## VII.

Round the aqueducts of story,  
As the mists of Lethé throng,  
Croton's waves in all their glory  
Troop in melody along.



Ever sparkling, bright, and single,  
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,  
When posterity shall mingle  
Like the gathered waters here.

## FRAGMENT OF AN INDIAN POEM.

\* \* \* \* \*

## I.

THEY come! — Be firm — in silence rally!  
The long-knives our retreat have found!  
Hark! — their tramp is in the valley,  
And they hem the forest round!  
The burdened boughs with pale scouts quiver,  
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,  
While across the eddying river  
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!  
The bloodhounds darken land and water;  
They come — like buffaloes for slaughter!

## II.

See their glittering files advancing,  
See upon the free winds dancing  
Pennon proud and gaudy plume:

The strangers come in evil hour,  
In pomp, and panoply, and power,  
To plant a weed where bloomed a flower,  
Where sunshine broke to spread a shower;  
And, while upon our tribes they lower,  
Think they our manly hearts will cower  
To meet a warrior's doom?

## III.

Right they forget while strength they feel;  
Our blood they drain, our land they steal;  
And should the vanquished Indian kneel,  
They spurn him from their sight!  
Be set for ever in disgrace  
The glory of the red-man's race,  
If from the foe we turn our face,  
Or safety seek in flight!

## IV.

They come!—Up, and upon them, braves!  
Fight for your altars and your graves!  
Drive back the stern, invading slaves,  
In fight till now victorious!  
Like lightning from storm-clouds on high,  
The hurtling, death-winged arrows fly,  
And wind-rows of pale warriors die!—



Oh! never has the sun's bright eye  
 Looked from his hill-tops in the sky  
 Upon a field so glorious!

\* \* \* \* \*

V.

They're gone—again the red-men rally;  
 With dance and song the woods resound:  
 The hatchet's buried in the valley;  
 No foe profanes our hunting-ground!  
 The green leaves on the blithe boughs quiver,  
 The verdant hills with song-birds ring,  
 While our bark-canoes the river  
 Skim like swallows on the wing.  
 Mirth pervades the land and water,  
 Free from famine, sword and slaughter!

\* \* \* \* \*

VI.

Let us, by this gentle river,  
 Blunt the axe and break the quiver,  
 While, as leaves upon the spray,  
 Peaceful flow our cares away!

\* \* \* \* \*

VII.

Yet, alas! the hour is brief  
 Left for either joy or grief!

All on earth that we inherit  
From the hands of the Great Spirit—  
Wigwam, hill, plain, lake and field—  
To the white-man must we yield;  
For, like sun-down on the waves,  
We are sinking to our graves!

## VIII.

From this wilderness of wo  
Like a caravan we go,  
Leaving all our groves and streams  
For the far-off land of dreams.  
There are prairies waving high,  
Boundless as the sheeted sky,  
Where our fathers' spirits roam,  
And the red-man has a home.

## IX.

Let tradition tell our story  
As we fade in cloudless glory,  
As we seek the land of rest  
Beyond the borders of the west,  
No eye but ours may look upon—  
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN!

\* \* \* \* \*



## LAND-HO!

## I.

*Up, up with the signal!* — The land is in sight!  
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!  
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've passed,  
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last.  
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,  
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.  
Land! — land-ho! — All hearts glow with joy at the sight!  
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

## II.

*The signal is waving!* — Till morn we'll remain,  
Then part in the hope to meet one day again  
Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,  
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!  
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee  
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.  
Ho! — land-ho! — We near it! — We bound at the sight!  
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!



## III.

*The signal is answered!*—The foam-sparkles rise  
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes!  
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,  
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!  
One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells:  
To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!  
THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—and, thank Heaven, all's right!  
So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

## I.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not!

## II.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea—

And wouldst thou hew it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!

Cut not its earth-bound ties;

Oh, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies!



## III.

When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here, too, my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand!

## IV.

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend! X  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!



## THE COTTAGER'S WELCOME.

## I.

HARD by I've a cottage that stands near the wood—

A stream glides in peace at the door—

Where all who will tarry, 'tis well understood,

Receive hospitality's store.

To cheer that the brook and the thicket afford,

The stranger we ever invite :

You're welcome to freely partake at the board,

And afterward rest for the night.

## II.

The birds in the morning will sing from the trees,

And herald the young god of day ;

Then, with him uprising, depart if you please—

We'll set you refreshed on the way :

Your coin for our service we sternly reject ;

No traffic for gain we pursue,

And all the reward that we wish or expect,

We take in the good that we do.

## III.

Mankind are all pilgrims on life's weary road,  
And many would wander astray  
In seeking Eternity's silent abode,  
Did Mercy not point out the way!  
If all would their duty discharge as they should  
To those who are friendless and poor,  
The world would resemble my cot near the wood,  
And life the sweet stream at my door.



## THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

## I.

I GLORY in the sages  
Who, in the days of yore,  
In combat met the foemen,  
And drove them from our shore ;  
Who flung our banner's starry field  
In triumph to the breeze,  
And spread broad maps of cities where  
Once waved the forest-trees.  
—Hurrah!—

## II.

I glory in the spirit  
Which goaded them to rise  
And found a mighty nation  
Beneath the western skies.



No clime so bright and beautiful

As that where sets the sun ;

No land so fertile, fair, and free,

As that of Washington.

—Hurrah!—

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

## I.

"A SONG for our banner?"—The watchword recall

Which gave the Republic her station:

"United we stand—divided we fall!"—

It made and preserves us a nation!

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of states none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union for ever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union for ever!

## II.

What God in His mercy and wisdom designed,

And armed with His weapons of thunder,

Not all the earth's despots and factions combined

Have the power to conquer or sunder!



The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of states none can sever—

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the Flag of the Union for ever

And ever!

The Flag of our Union for ever!



## LINES

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

## I.

O LOVE! the mischief thou hast done!  
Thou god of pleasure and of pain!—  
None can escape thee—yes, there's one—  
All others find the effort vain:  
Thou cause of all my smiles and tears!  
Thou blight and bloom of all my years!

## II.

Love bathes him in the morning dews  
Reclines him in the lily-bells,  
Reposes in the rainbow hues,  
And sparkles in the crystal wells,  
Or hies him to the coral-caves,  
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

## III.

Love vibrates in the wind-harp's tune—  
With fays and oreads lingers he—

---

Gleams in th' ring of the watery moon,  
Or treads the pebbles of the sea.  
Love rules "the court, the camp, the grove"—  
Oh, everywhere we meet thee, Love!

## IV.

And everywhere he welcome finds,  
From cottage-door to palace-porch—  
Love enters free as spicy winds,  
With purple wings and lighted torch,  
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,  
And bow and darts behind him slung.

## V.

He tinkles in the shepherd's bell  
The village maiden leans to hear—  
By lattice high he weaves his spell,  
For lady fair and cavalier:  
Like sun-bursts on the mountain snow,  
Love's genial warmth melts high and low.

## VI.

Then why, ye nymphs Arcadian, why—  
Since Love is general as the air—  
Why does he not to Lelia fly,  
And soften that obdurate fair?



---

Scorn nerves her proud, disdainful heart!  
She scoffs at Love and all his art!

## VII.

Oh, boy-god, Love!—An archer thou?—  
Thy utmost skill I fain would test;  
One arrow aim at Lelia now,  
And let thy target be her breast!  
Her heart bind in thy captive train,  
Or give me back my own again!



## THE DREAM OF LOVE.

## I.

I'VE had the heart-ache many times,  
At the mere mention of a name  
I've never woven in my rhymes,  
Though from it inspiration came.  
It is in truth a holy thing,  
Life-cherished from the world apart —  
A dove that never tries its wing,  
But broods and nestles in the heart.

## II.

That name of melody recalls  
Her gentle look and winning ways  
Whose portrait hangs on Memory's walls,  
In the fond light of other days.  
In the dream-land of Poetry,  
Reclining in its leafy bowers,  
Her bright eyes in the stars I see,  
And her sweet semblance in the flowers.

## III.

Her artless dalliance and grace —

The joy that lighted up her brow —

The sweet expression of her face —

Her form — it stands before me now !

And I can fancy that I hear

The woodland songs she used to sing,

Which stole to my attending ear,

Like the first harbingers of spring.

## IV.

The beauty of the earth was hers,

And hers the purity of heaven ;

Alone, of all her worshippers,

To me her maiden vows were given.

They little know the human heart,

Who think such love with time expires ;

Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,

But burn through life with all its fires.

## V.

We parted — doomed no more to meet —

The blow fell with a stunning power —

And yet my pulse will strangely beat

At the remembrance of that hour !

But time and change their healing brought,  
And years have passed in seeming glee,  
But still alone of her I've thought  
Who's now a memory to me.

## VI.

There may be many who will deem  
This strain a wayward, youthful folly,  
To be derided as a dream  
Born of the poet's melancholy.  
The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,  
With all that follows in its train,  
I would with gratitude resign,  
To dream that dream of love again!



## I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

## I.

I'm with you once again, my friends,  
No more my footsteps roam;  
Where it began my journey ends,  
Amid the scenes of home.  
No other clime has skies so blue,  
Or streams so broad and clear,  
And where are hearts so warm and true  
As those that meet me here?

## II.

Since last, with spirits wild and free,  
I pressed my native strand,  
I've wandered many miles at sea,  
And many miles on land.  
I've seen fair realms of the earth  
By rude commotion torn,  
Which taught me how to prize the worth  
Of that where I was born.

## III.

In other countries, when I heard  
The language of my own,  
How fondly each familiar word  
Awoke an answering tone!  
But when our woodland songs were sung  
Upon a foreign mart,  
The vows that faltered on the tongue  
With rapture thrilled the heart!

## IV.

My native land, I turn to you,  
With blessing and with prayer,  
Where man is brave and woman true,  
And free as mountain air.  
Long may our flag in triumph wave  
Against the world combined,  
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,  
Within our borders find.



OH, WOULD THAT SHE WERE HERE!

I.

Oh, would that she were here,  
These hills and dales among,  
Where vocal groves are gayly mocked  
By Echo's airy tongue:  
Where jocund Nature smiles  
In all her boon attire,  
And roams the deeply-tangled wilds  
Of hawthorn and sweet-brier.  
Oh, would that she were—  
The gentle maid I sing,  
Whose voice is cheerful as the songs  
Of forest-birds in spring!

II.

Oh, would that she were here,  
Where the free waters leap,  
Shouting in sportive joyousness  
Adown the rocky steep:



Where zephyrs crisp and cool  
The fountains as they play,  
With health upon their wings of light,  
And gladness in their way.  
Oh, would that she were here,  
With these balm-breathing trees,  
The sylvan daughters of the sun,  
The rain-cloud, and the breeze!

## III.

Oh, would that she were here,  
Where glide the rosy hours,  
Murm'ring the drowsy hum of bees,  
And fragrant with the flowers:  
Where Heaven's redeeming love  
Spans earth in Mercy's bow —  
The promise of the world above  
Unto the world below.  
Oh, would that she were here,  
Amid these shades serene —  
Oh, for the spell of woman's love,  
To consecrate the scene!

## THE SWORD AND THE STAFF.

## I.

THE sword of the hero!  
The staff of the sage!  
Whose valour and wisdom  
Are stamped on the age!  
Time-hallowed mementos  
Of those who have riven  
The sceptre from tyrants,  
“The lightning from heaven!”

## II.

This weapon, O Freedom!  
Was drawn by thy son,  
And it never was sheathed  
Till the battle was won!  
No stain of dishonour  
Upon it we see!  
’Twas never surrendered—  
Except to the free!



## III.

While Fame claims the hero  
And patriot sage,  
Their names to emblazon  
On history's page,  
No holier relies  
Will Liberty hoard  
Than FRANKLIN's staff, guarded  
By WASHINGTON's sword.



## THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

## I.

UPON the barren sand  
A single captive stood ;  
Around him came, with bow and brand,  
The red-men of the wood.  
Like him of old, his doom he hears,  
Rock-bound on ocean's rim :  
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,  
And breathed a prayer for him.

## II.

Above his head in air  
The savage war-club swung :  
The frantic girl, in wild despair,  
Her arms about him flung.  
Then shook the warriors of the shade,  
Like leaves on aspen-limb--  
Subdued by that heroic maid  
Who breathed a prayer for him.

## III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief—

"Obey your king's decree!"

He kissed away her tears of grief,

And set the captive free.

'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,

Hope's star to man grows dim,

An angel kneels in woman's form,

And breathes a prayer for him.



R. W. West

J. H. Ralston

*The Chief's Daughter*





THY WILL BE DONE.

I.

SEARCHER of Hearts!—from mine erase

All thoughts that should not be,  
And in its deep recesses trace  
My gratitude to Thee!

II.

Hearer of Prayer!—oh, guide aright

Each word and deed of mine;  
Life's battle teach me how to fight,  
And be the victory Thine.

III.

Giver of All!—for every good

In the Redeemer came—  
For raiment, shelter and for food,  
I thank Thee in His name.

## IV.

Father and Son and Holy Ghost!

Thou glorious Three in One!

Thou knowest best what I need most,

And let Thy will be done.



## LIFE IN THE WEST.

## I.

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—

Merry and brief will the narrative be:

Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—

Master am I, boys, of all that I see!

Where once frowned a forest, a garden is smiling—

The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;

And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling

The children who cluster like grapes round my door.

Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;

The land of the heart is the land of the West!

Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

## II.

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,

Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free;

Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,

Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea!

A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing ;  
With proud independence we season our cheer,  
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,  
Won't find it at all if they don't find it here.  
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;  
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West !  
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !

## III.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,  
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own ;  
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,  
And care not a jot for the king on his throne.  
We never know want, for we live by our labour,  
And in it contentment and happiness find ;  
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,  
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.  
Then enter, boys ; cheerly, boys, enter and rest ;  
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West !  
Oho, boys !—oho, boys !—oho !



## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

## I.

IN the ranks of Marion's band,  
Through morass and wooded land,  
Over beach of yellow sand,  
    Mountain, plain and valley,  
A southern maid, in all her pride,  
Marched gayly at her lover's side,  
    In such disguise  
    That e'en his eyes  
Did not discover Sallie!

## II.

When returned from midnight tramp,  
Through the forest dark and damp,  
On his straw-couch in the camp,  
    In his dreams he'd dally



With that devoted, gentle fair,  
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair  
    So near him seem,  
    That, in his dream,  
He breathes his love for Sallie!

## III.

Oh, what joy that maiden knew,  
When she found her lover true!—  
Suddenly the trumpet blew,  
    Marion's men to rally!  
To ward the death-spear from his side  
In battle by Santee she died!—  
    Where sings the surge  
    A ceaseless dirge  
Near the lone grave of Sallie.

## JANET McREA.

## I.

SHE heard the fight was over,  
And won the wreath of fame!  
When tidings from her lover,  
With his good war-steed came:  
To guard her safely to his tent,  
The red-men of the woods were sent.  
They led her where sweet waters gush  
Under the pine-tree bough!  
The tomahawk is raised to crush—  
'Tis buried in her brow!  
She sleeps beneath that pine-tree now!

## II.

Her broken-hearted lover  
In hopeless conflict died!  
The forest-leaves now cover  
That soldier and his bride!



The frown of the Great Spirit fell  
Upon the red-men like a spell!

No more those waters slake their thirst,  
Shadeless to them that tree!

O'er land and lake they roam accurst,  
And in the clouds they see  
Thy spirit, unavenged, McRea!



## L I S E T T E.

## I.

Young Love in myrtle shades reposed,  
His bow and darts behind him slung;  
As dewy twilight round him closed,  
Lisette these numbers sung:  
"O Love! thy sylvan bower  
I'll fly while I've the power;  
Thy primrose way leads maids where they  
Love, honour and obey!"

## II.

"Escape," the boy-god said, "is vain!"  
And shook the diamonds from his wings:  
"I'll bind thee captive in my train,  
Fairest of earthly things!"  
"Go, saucy archer, go!  
I freedom's value know:  
Begone, I pray—to none I'll say  
Love, honour and obey!"

## III.

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried —

Swift as a ray of light it flew!

Love spread his purple pinions wide,

And faded from her view!

Joy filled that maiden's eyes —

Twin load-stars from the skies! —

On bridal day, her lips *did* say,

"Love, honour and obey!"



## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

## I.

THIS book is all that's left me now!—

Tears will unbidden start—

With faltering lip and throbbing brow

I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,

Here is our family tree;

My mother's hands this Bible clasped;

She, dying, gave it me.

## II.

Ah! well do I remember those

Whose names these records bear;

Who round the hearth-stone used to close

After the evening prayer,

And speak of what these pages said,

In tones my heart would thrill!

Though they are with the silent dead,

Here are they living still!



## III.

My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear ;  
How calm was my poor mother's look  
Who leaned God's word to hear !  
Her angel-face—I see it yet !  
What thronging memories come !—  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home !

## IV.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried :  
When all were false I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy :  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

"THE DOG-STAR RAGES."

I.

UNSEAL the city fountains,  
And let the waters flow  
In coolness from the mountains  
Unto the plains below.  
My brain is parched and erring,  
The pavement hot and dry,  
And not a breath is stirring  
Beneath the burning sky.

II.

The belles have all departed—  
There does not linger one !  
Of course the mart's deserted  
By every mother's son,  
Except the street musician,  
And men of lesser note,  
Whose only earthly mission  
Is but to toil and vote.



## III.

A woman—blessings on her!—  
Beneath my window see;  
She's singing—what an honour!—  
"Oh! Woodman, spare that tree!"  
Her "man" the air is killing—  
His organ's out of tune—  
They're gone, with my last shilling,  
To Florence's saloon.

## IV.

New-York is most compactly  
Of brick and mortar made—  
Thermometer exactly  
One hundred in the shade!  
A furnace would be safer  
Than this my letter-room,  
Where gleams the sun, a wafer  
About to seal my doom.

## V.

The town looks like an ogre,  
The country like a bride;  
Wealth hies to Saratoga,  
And Worth to Sunny-side.



---

While Fashion seeks the islands  
    Encircled by the sea,  
Taste finds the Hudson highlands  
    More beautiful and free.

VI.

The omnibuses rumble  
    Along their cobbled way—  
The "twelve inside" more humble  
    Than he who takes the pay:  
From morn till midnight stealing,  
    His horses come and go—  
The only creatures feeling  
    The "luxury of wo!"

VII.

We editors of papers,  
    Who coin our brains for bread  
By solitary tapers  
    While others doze in bed,  
Have tasks as sad and lonely,  
    However wrong or right,  
But with this difference only,  
    The horses rest at night.

## VIII.

From twelve to nearly fifty  
I've toiled and idled not,  
And, though accounted thrifty,  
I'm scarcely worth a groat;  
However, I inherit  
What few have ever gained—  
A bright and cheerful spirit  
That never has complained.

## IX.

A stillness and a sadness  
Pervade the City Hall,  
And speculating madness  
Has left the street of Wall;  
The Union Square looks really  
Both desolate and dark,  
And that's the case, or nearly,  
From Battery to Park.

## X.

Had I a yacht, like Miller,  
That skimmer of the seas—  
A wheel rigged on a tiller,  
And a fresh gunwale breeze,







Alfred Jones

H. W. Viner

*The Ulster*

---

A crew of friends well chosen,  
And all a-taunto, I  
Would sail for regions frozen—  
I'd rather freeze than fry.

XI.

Oh, this confounded weather!  
(As some one sung or said,)  
My pen, though but a feather,  
Is heavier than lead;  
At every pore I'm oozing—  
(I'm "caving in" to-day)—  
My plumptitude I'm losing,  
And dripping fast away.

XII.

I'm weeping like the willow  
That droops in leaf and bough—  
Let Croton's sparkling billow  
Flow through the city now;  
And, as becomes her station,  
The muse will close her prayer:  
God save the Corporation!  
Long live the valiant Mayor!

## A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWK.

## I.

IN the days that are gone, by this sweet-flowing water,  
Two lovers reclined in the shade of a tree;  
She was the mountain-king's rosy-lipped daughter,  
The brave warrior-chief of the valley was he.  
Then all things around them, below and above,  
Were basking as now in the sunshine of love—  
In the days that are gone, by this sweet-flowing stream.

## II.

In the days that are gone they were laid 'neath the willow,  
The maid in her beauty, the youth in his pride;  
Both slain by the foeman who crossed the dark billow,  
And stole the broad lands where their children reside:  
Whose fathers, when dying, in fear looked above,  
And trembled to think of that chief and his love,  
In the days that are gone, by this sweet-flowing stream.



## THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

## I.

THE moon and all her starry train  
Were fading from the morning sky,  
When home the ball-room belle again  
Returned, with throbbing pulse and brain,  
Flushed cheek and tearful eye.

## II.

The plume that danced above her brow,  
The gem that sparkled in her zone,  
The scarf of spangled leaf and bough,  
Were laid aside—they mocked her now,  
When desolate and lone.

## III.

That night how many hearts she won!  
The reigning belle, she could not stir,

But, like the planets round the sun,  
Her suitors followed—all but one—  
One all the world to her!

## IV.

And she had lost him!—Marvel not  
That lady's eyes with tears were wet!  
Though love by man is soon forgot,  
It never yet was woman's lot  
To love and to forget.



## WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

## I.

We were boys together,  
And never can forget  
The school-house near the heather,  
In childhood where we met ;  
The humble home to memory dear,  
Its sorrows and its joys ;  
Where woke the transient smile or tear,  
When you and I were boys.

## II.

We were youths together,  
And castles built in air,  
Your heart was like a feather,  
And mine weighed down with care ;  
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,  
To me it brought alloys—  
Foreshadowed in the primrose time,  
When you and I were boys.



## III.

We're old men together—  
The friends we loved of yore,  
With leaves of autumn weather,  
Are gone for evermore.  
How blest to age the impulse given,  
The hope time ne'er destroys—  
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,  
When you and I were boys!

## OH, BOATMAN, HASTE!

## TWILIGHT.

Oh, boatman, haste!—The twilight hour  
Is closing gently o'er the lea!  
The sun, whose setting shuts the flower,  
Has looked his last upon the sea!  
Row, then, boatman, row!  
Row, then, boatman, row!  
Row!—aha!—we've moon and star!  
And our skiff with the stream is flowing.  
Heigh-ho!—ah!—heigh-ho!—  
Echo responds to my sad heigh-ho!

## MIDNIGHT.

Oh, boatman, haste!—The sentry calls  
The midnight hour on yonder shore,  
And silvery sweet the echo falls  
As music dripping from the oar!



Row, then, boatman, row!  
Row, then, boatman, row!  
Row!—afar fade moon and star!  
While our skiff with the stream is flowing!  
Heigh-ho!—ah!—heigh-ho!—  
Echo responds to my sad heigh-ho!

## DAWN.

Oh, boatman, haste!—The morning beam  
Glides through the fleecy clouds above:  
So breaks on life's dark, murm'ring stream,  
The rosy dawn of woman's love!  
Row, then, boatman, row!  
Row, then, boatman, row!  
Row!—'Tis day!—away—away!  
To land with the stream we are flowing!  
Heigh-ho!—dear one—ho!  
Beauty responds to my glad heigh-ho!



## F U N E R A L H Y M N .

## I.

“MAN dieth and wasteth away,  
And where is he?”—Hark! from the skies  
I hear a voice answer and say,  
“The spirit of man never dies:  
His body, which came from the earth,  
Must mingle again with the sod;  
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,  
Returns to the bosom of God.”

## II.

No terror has death, or the grave,  
To those who believe in the Lord—  
We know the Redeemer can save,  
And lean on the faith of his word;  
While ashes to ashes, and dust  
We give unto dust, in our gloom,  
The light of salvation, we trust,  
Is hung like a lamp in the tomb.

## III.

The sky will be burnt as a scroll—  
The earth, wrapped in flames, will expire;  
But, freed from all shackles, the soul  
Will rise in the midst of the fire.  
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,  
Who rest from their labours, forgiven:  
Learn this from your Bible instead,  
The grave is the gateway to heaven.

## IV.

O Lord God Almighty! to Thee  
We turn as our solace above;  
The waters may fail from the sea,  
But not from Thy fountains of love:  
Oh, teach us Thy will to obey,  
And sing with one heart and accord,  
“He gave and He taketh away,  
And praised be the name of the Lord!”



## O'ER THE MOUNTAINS.

## I.

SOME spirit wafts our mountain lay —

Hili ho! boys, hili ho!

To distant groves and glens away!

Hili ho! boys, hili ho!

E'en so the tide of empire flows —

Ho! boys, hili ho!

Rejoicing as it westward goes!

Ho! boys, hili ho!

To refresh our weary way,

Gush the crystal fountains,

As a pilgrim band we stray

Cheerly o'er the mountains.

## II.

The woodland rings with song and shout!

Hili ho! boys, hili ho!

As though a fairy hunt were out!

Hili ho! boys, hili ho!



E'en so the voice of woman cheers —

Ho! boys, hili ho!

The hearts of hardy mountaineers!

Ho! boys, hili ho!

Like the glow of northern skies,

Mirrored in the fountains,

Beams the love-light of fond eyes,

As we cross the mountains.

## W O M A N.

## I.

Al, woman!—in this world of ours,  
What boon can be compared to thee?—  
How slow would drag life's weary hours,  
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,  
And his the wealth of land and sea,  
If destined to exist alone,  
And ne'er call woman's heart his own!

## II.

My mother!—At that holy name,  
Within my bosom there's a gush  
Of feeling, which no time can tame—  
A feeling, which, for years of fame,  
I would not, could not, crush!  
And sisters!—ye are dear as life;  
But when I look upon my wife,  
My heart-blood gives a sudden rush,



And all my fond affections blend  
In mother — sisters — wife and friend !

## III.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,  
And pure as bright Aurora's ray ;  
The heart will melt before her smile,  
And base-born passions fade away !  
Were I the monarch of the earth,  
Or master of the swelling sea,  
I would not estimate their worth,  
Dear woman, half the price of thee.



## ROSABEL.

## I.

I MISS thee from my side, beloved,  
I miss thee from my side;  
And wearily and drearily  
Flows Time's resistless tide.  
The world, and all its fleeting joys,  
To me are worse than vain,  
Until I clasp thee to my heart,  
Belovéd one, again.

## II.

The wildwood and the forest-path,  
We used to thread of yore,  
What bird and bee have flown with thee,  
And gone for evermore!  
There is no music in the grove,  
No echo on the hill;  
But melancholy boughs are there—  
And hushed the whip-poor-will.

## III.

I miss thee in the town, beloved,  
I miss thee in the town;  
From morn I grieve till dewy eve  
Spreads wide its mantle brown.  
My spirit's wings, that once could soar  
In Fancy's world of air,  
Are crushed and beaten to the ground  
By life-corroding care.

## IV.

No more I hear thy thrilling voice,  
Nor see thy winning face;  
That once would gleam like morning's beam,  
In mental pride and grace:  
Thy form of matchless symmetry,  
In sweet perfection cast—  
Is now the star of memory  
That fades not with the past.

## V.

I miss thee everywhere, beloved,  
I miss thee everywhere;  
Both night and day wear dull away,  
And leave me in despair.



---

The banquet-hall, the play, the ball,  
And childhood's sportive glee,  
Have lost their spell for me, beloved,  
My soul is full of thee!

## VI.

Has Rosabel forgotten me,  
And love I now in vain?  
If that be so, my heart can know  
No rest on earth again.  
A sad and weary lot is mine,  
To love and be forgot;  
A sad and weary lot, beloved—  
A sad and weary lot!



## THY TYRANT SWAY.

## I.

THE heart that owns thy tyrant sway,  
Whate'er its hopes may be,  
Is like a bark that drifts away  
Upon a shoreless sea!  
No compass left to guide her on,  
Upon the surge she's tempest-torn—  
And such is life to me!

## II.

And what is life when love is fled?  
The world, unshared by thee?  
I'd rather slumber with the dead,  
Than such a waif to be!  
The bark that by no compass steers  
Is lost, which way soe'er she veers—  
And such is life to me!

A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.

I.

LET not a tear be shed!  
Of grief give not a token,  
Although the silver thread  
And golden bowl be broken!  
A warrior lived—a Christian died!  
Sorrow's forgotten in our pride!

II.

Go, bring his battle-blade,  
His helmet and his plume!  
And be his trophies laid  
Beside him in the tomb,  
Where files of time-marked veterans come  
With martial tramp and muffled drum!



## III.

Give to the earth his frame,  
To moulder and decay ;  
But not his deathless name —  
That cannot pass away !  
In youth, in manhood, and in age,  
He dignified his country's page !

## IV.

Green be the willow-bough  
Above the swelling mound,  
Where sleeps the hero now  
In consecrated ground :  
Thy epitaph, O Delavan !  
God's noblest work — an honest man !



## RHYME AND REASON.

## AN APOLOGUE.

## I.

Two children of the olden time,  
In Flora's primrose season,  
Were born. The name of one was Rhyme,  
That of the other Reason.  
And both were beautiful and fair,  
And pure as mountain stream and air.

## II.

As the boys together grew,  
Happy fled their hours—  
Grief or care they never knew  
In the Paphian bowers.  
See them roaming, hand in hand,  
The pride of all the choral band!

## III.

Music with harp of golden strings,  
Love with bow and quiver,  
Airy sprites on radiant wings,  
Nymphs of wood and river,  
Joined the Muses' constant song,  
As Rhyme and Reason passed along.

## IV.

But the scene was changed—the boys  
Left their native soil—  
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,  
Reason's manly toil:  
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,  
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

## V.

Since the dark and fatal hour,  
When the brothers parted,  
Reason has had wealth and power—  
Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted!  
And now, or bright or stormy weather,  
They twain are seldom seen together.



## STARLIGHT RECOLLECTIONS.

## I.

'Twas night. Near the murmuring Saône,  
We met with no witnesses by,  
But such as resplendently shone  
In the blue-tinted vault of the sky :  
Your head on my bosom was laid,  
As you said you would ever be mine ;  
And I promised to love, dearest maid,  
And worship alone at your shrine.

## II.

Your love on my heart gently fell  
As the dew on the flowers at eve,  
Whose bosoms with gratitude swell,  
A blessing to give and receive :  
And I knew by the glow on your cheek,  
And the rapture you could not control,  
No power had language to speak  
The faith or content of your soul.



## III.

I love you as none ever loved—

As the steel to the star I am true ;

And I, dearest maiden, have proved

That none ever loved me but you.

Till Memory loses her power,

Or the sands of my being have run,

I'll remember the star-lighted hour

That mingled two hearts into one.

## WEARIES MY LOVE?

## I.

WEARIES my love of my letters?  
Does she my silence command?  
Sunders she Love's rosy fetters  
As though they were woven of sand?  
Tires she too of each token  
Indited with many a sigh?  
Are all her promises broken?  
And must I love on till I die?

## II.

Thinks my dear love that I blame her  
With what was a burden to part?  
Ah, no!—with affection I'll name her  
While lingers a pulse in my heart.  
Although she has clouded with sadness,  
And blighted the bloom of my years,  
I love her still, even to madness,  
And bless her through showers of tears!



## III.

My pen I have laid down in sorrow,  
The songs of my lute I forego ;  
From neither assistance I'll borrow  
To utter my heart-seated wo !  
But peace to her bosom, wherever  
Her thoughts or her footsteps may stray :  
Memento of mine again never  
Will shadow the light of her way !

## FARE THEE WELL, LOVE.

## I.

FARE thee well, love!—We must sever!  
Not for years, love; but for ever!  
We must meet no more—or only  
Meet as strangers—sad and lonely.  
Fare thee well!

## II.

Fare thee well, love!—How I languish  
For the cause of all my anguish!  
None have ever met and parted  
So forlorn and broken-hearted.  
Fare thee well!

## III.

Fare thee well, love!—Till I perish  
All my truth for thee I'll cherish;  
And, when thou my requiem hearest,  
Know till death I loved thee, dearest.  
Fare thee well!



## THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

## I.

Thou hast woven the spell that hath bound me,  
Through all the sad changes of years;  
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee,  
Have faded and melted in tears!  
Like the poor, wounded fawn from the mountain,  
That seeks out the clear silver tide,  
I have lingered in vain at the fountain  
Of hope—with a shaft in my side!

## II.

Thou hast taught me that Love's rosy fetters  
A pang from the thorns may impart;  
That the coinage of vows and of letters  
Comes not from the mint of the heart.  
Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,  
And warbles in bondage her strain,  
I have struggled to fly thy dominion,  
But find that the struggle is vain!

## BESSY BELL.

## I.

WHEN life looks drear and lonely, love,  
And pleasant fancies flee,  
Then will the Muses only, love,  
Bestow a thought on me!  
Mine is a harp which Pleasure, love,  
To waken strives in vain;  
To Joy's entrancing measure, love,  
It ne'er can thrill again!—  
Why mock me, Bessy Bell?

## II.

Oh, do not ask me ever, love,  
For rapture-woven rhymes;  
For vain is each endeavour, love,  
To sound Mirth's play-bell chimes!



Yet still believe me, dearest love,  
Though sad my song may be,  
This heart still doats sincerest, love,  
And grateful turns to thee—  
My once fond Bessy Bell!

## III.

Those eyes still rest upon me, love!  
I feel their magic spell!  
With that same look you won me, love,  
Fair, gentle Bessy Bell!  
My doom you've idly spoken, love—  
You never can be mine!  
But though my heart is broken, love,  
Still, Bessy, it is thine!  
Adieu, false Bessy Bell!

## THE DAY IS NOW DAWNING.

WILLIAM.

THE day is now dawning, love,  
Fled is the night—  
I go like the morning, love,  
Cheerful and bright.  
Then adieu, dearest Ellen :  
When evening is near,  
I'll visit thy dwelling,  
For true love is here.

ELLEN.

Oh, come where the fountain, love,  
Tranquilly flows ;  
Beneath the green mountain, love,  
Seek for repose ;  
There the days of our childhood,  
In love's golden beam,  
'Mong the blue-bells and wildwood,  
Passed on like a dream.



WILLIAM.

Oh, linger awhile, love!

ELLEN.

I must away.

WILLIAM.

Oh, grant me thy smile, love,

'Tis Hope's cheering ray—

With evening expect me.

ELLEN.

To the moment be true,

And may angels protect thee—

BOTH.

Sweet Ellen, adieu!

Dear William, adieu!







R. W. Weir

Alf Jones

*When other friends are round thee*

## WHEN OTHER FRIENDS.

## I.

WHEN other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine—  
When other bays have crowned thee,  
More fresh and green than mine—  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This doating heart will be,  
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,  
Belovéd one, for thee!

## II.

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
I know thy truth remains;  
I would not live without thee,  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's troubled sea;  
And whatever fate betides me,  
This heart still turns to thee.



## SILENT GRIEF.

## I.

WHERE is now my peace of mind?  
Gone, alas! for evermore:  
Turn where'er I may, I find  
Thorns where roses bloomed before!  
O'er the green fields of my soul,  
Where the springs of joy were found,  
Now the clouds of sorrow roll,  
Shading all the prospect round!

## II.

Do I merit pangs like these,  
That have cleft my heart in twain?  
Must I, to the very lees,  
Drain thy bitter chalice, Pain?  
Silent grief all grief excels;  
Life and it together part—  
Like a restless worm it dwells  
Deep within the human heart!

## LOVE THEE, DEAREST?

## I.

Love thee, dearest?—Hear me.—Never  
Will my fond vows be forgot!  
May I perish, and for ever,  
When, dear maid, I love thee not!  
Then turn not from me, dearest!—Listen!  
Banish all thy doubts and fears!  
And let thine eyes with transport glisten!  
What hast thou to do with tears?

## II.

Dry them, dearest!—Ah, believe me,  
Love's bright flame is burning still!  
Though the hollow world deceive thee,  
Here's a heart that never will!  
Dost thou smile?—A cloud of sorrow  
Breaks before Joy's rising sun!  
Wilt thou give thy hand?—To-morrow,  
Hymen, dearest, makes us one!



## A SCENE AT SEA.

ABOVE our heads the moon and stars  
Were smiling brightly and serene,  
Painting the waves with silver bars,  
And lighting up that ocean-scene :  
And on our right the lightnings threw  
Their shafts of fire far and free ;  
While, like a bird with proud wings, flew  
Our vessel through that snow-curved sea,  
And all above, below, around,  
Was full of grandeur ! Every sound  
The winds and waters breathed were such  
As I had never heard before !  
Oh, who can tell the heart how much  
At such an hour it will adore  
Th' Inscrutable First Cause which we  
Behold in everything at sea !

## I LOVE THE NIGHT.

## I.

I LOVE the night when the moon streams bright  
On flowers that drink the dew —  
When cascades shout as the stars peep out,  
From boundless fields of blue ;  
But dearer far than moon or star,  
Or flowers of gaudy hue,  
Or gurgling trills of mountain-rills,  
I love, I love, love — you !

## II.

I love to stray at the close of day,  
Through groves of forest-trees,  
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats  
Are vocal in the breeze.  
I love the night — the glorious night —  
When hearts beat warm and true ;  
But far above the night, I love,  
I love, I love, love — you !



## THE MINIATURE.

## I.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand  
The likeness of his wife—  
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,  
With beauty, grace and life.  
He almost thought it spoke :  
He gazed upon the treasure still,  
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,  
To view the artist's skill.

## II.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane—  
'Tis drawn to nature true :  
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,  
It is so much like you."  
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"  
"Why—no—my love," said he.  
"Then, William, it is very clear  
'Tis not at all *like me*!"

## THE RETORT.

## I.

OLD Nick, who taught the village-school,  
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;  
He was as stubborn as a mule,  
She was as playful as a rabbit.

## II.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,  
Before her husband sought to make her  
The pink of country-polished life,  
And prim and formal as a quaker.

## III.

One day the tutor went abroad,  
And simple Jenny sadly missed him;  
When he returned, behind her lord  
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!



## IV.

The husband's anger rose!—and red

And white his face alternate grew!

“Less freedom, ma'am!”—Jane sighed and said,

“*Oh, dear! I didn't know 't was you!*”

LINES ON A POET.

I.

How sweet the cadence of his lyre !  
 What melody of words !  
 They strike a pulse within the heart  
 Like songs of forest-birds,  
 Or tinkling of the shepherd's bell  
 Among the mountain-herds.

II.

His mind's a cultured garden,  
 Where Nature's hand has sown  
 The flower-seeds of poesy —  
 And they have freshly grown,  
 Imbued with beauty and perfume  
 To other plants unknown.

III.

A bright career's before him —  
 All tongues pronounce his praise ;



All hearts his inspiration feel,  
And will in after-days ;  
For genius breathes in every line  
Of his soul-thrilling lays.

## IV.

A nameless grace is round him —  
A something, too refined  
To be described, yet must be felt  
By all of human kind —  
An emanation of the soul,  
That cannot be defined.

## V.

Then blessings on the minstrel —  
His faults let others scan :  
There may be spots upon the sun,  
Which those may view that can ;  
I see them not — yet know him well  
A POET AND A MAN.



## THE BACCHANAL.

## I.

BESIDE a cottage-door,  
Sung Ella at her wheel;  
Ruthven rode o'er the moor,  
Down at her feet to kneel:  
A spotted palfrey gay  
Came ambling at his side,  
To bear the maid away  
As his affianced bride.

## II.

A high-born noble he,  
Of stately halls secure;  
A low-born peasant she,  
Of parentage obscure.  
How soft the honeyed words  
He breathes into her ears! —  
The melody of birds!  
The music of the spheres!

## III.

With love her bosom swells,  
Which she would fail conceal —  
Her eyes, like crystal wells,  
Its hidden depths reveal.  
While liquid diamonds drip  
From feeling's fountain warm,  
Flutters her scarlet lip —  
A rose-leaf in a storm!

## IV.

As from an April sky  
The rain-clouds flit away,  
So from the maiden's eye  
Vanished the falling spray,  
Which lingered but awhile  
Her dimpled cheek upon —  
Then melted in her smile,  
Like vapour in the sun.

## V.

The maid is all his own —  
She trusts his plighted word,  
And, lightly on the roan,  
She springs beside her lord.



---

She leaves her father's cot,  
She turns her from the door—  
That green and holy spot  
Which she will see no more!

## VI.

They hied to foreign lands,  
That lord and peasant-maid:  
The church ne'er blessed their banns,  
And Ella was betrayed!  
Then drooped the lovely flower,  
Torn from its parent-stem;  
Then fled in evil hour  
The light from out the gem!

## VII.

They laid her in the ground,  
And Ella was forgot—  
Dead was her father found  
In his deserted cot.  
But Ruthven—what of him?  
He ran the story o'er,  
And, filling to the brim,  
He thought of it no more!



## TWENTY YEARS AGO.

## I.

'Twas in the flush of summer-time,  
Some twenty years or more,  
When Ernest lost his way, and crossed  
The threshold of our door.  
I'll ne'er forget his locks of jet,  
His brow of Alpine snow,  
His manly grace of form and face,  
Some twenty years ago.

## II.

The hand he asked I freely gave—  
Mine was a happy lot,  
In all my pride to be his bride  
Within my father's cot.  
The faith he spoke he never broke:  
His faithful heart I know;  
And well I vow I love him now  
As twenty years ago.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM.

## I.

FREEDOM spreads her downy wings  
Over all created things;  
Glory to the King of kings,  
    Bend low to Him the knee!  
Bring the heart before His throne—  
Worship Him and Him alone!—  
He's the only King we own—  
    And He has made us free!

## II.

The holiest spot a smiling sun  
E'er shed his genial rays upon,  
Is that which gave a Washington  
    The drooping world to cheer!  
Sound the clarion-peals of fame!  
Ye who bear Columbia's name!—  
With existence freedom came—  
    It is man's birthright here!



## III.

Heirs of an immortal sire,  
Let his deeds your hearts inspire ;  
Weave the strain and wake the lyre  
    Where your proud altars stand !  
Hail with pride and loud hurrahs,  
Streaming from a thousand spars,  
Freedom's rainbow-flag of stars—  
    The symbol of our land !



## I LOVE THEE STILL.

## I.

I NEVER have been false to thee!—

The heart I gave thee still is thine;  
Though thou hast been untrue to me,

And I no more may call thee mine!  
I've loved, as woman ever loves,

With constant soul in good or ill:  
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,  
A rover—but I love thee still!

## II.

Yet think not that my spirit stoops

To bind thee captive in my train!—  
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,

But smiles when comes her god again!  
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,

Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!  
Love's golden chain and burning vow  
Are broken—but I love thee still!

## III.

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,  
When love dispelled the clouds of care,  
And time went by with birds and flowers,  
While song and incense filled the air!  
The past is mine — the present thine —  
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,  
Think what a destiny is mine,  
To lose — but love thee, false one, still!



LOOK FROM THY LATTICE, LOVE.

I.

Look from thy lattice, love—

Listen to me!

The cool, balmy breeze

Is abroad on the sea!

The moon, like a queen,

Roams her realms above,

And naught is awake

But the spirit of love.

Ere morn's golden light

Tips the hills with its ray,

Away o'er the waters—

Away and away!

Then look from thy lattice, love—

Listen to me,

While the moon lights the sky,

And the breeze curls the sea!



## II.

Look from thy lattice, love —  
Listen to me!  
In the voyage of life,  
Love our pilot will be!  
He'll sit at the helm  
Wherever we rove,  
And steer by the load-star  
He kindled above!  
His gem-girdled shallop  
Will cut the bright spray,  
Or skim, like a bird,  
O'er the waters away!  
Then look from thy lattice, love —  
Listen to me,  
While the moon lights the sky,  
And the breeze curls the sea!

## SHE LOVED HIM.

## I.

SHE loved him—but she heeded not—

Her heart had only room for pride :

All other feelings were forgot,

When she became another's bride.

As from a dream she then awoke,

To realize her lonely state,

And own it was the vow she broke

That made her drear and desolate !

## II.

She loved him—but the sland'rer came,

With words of hate that all believed ;

A stain thus rested on his name—

But he was wronged and she deceived !

Ah ! rash the act that gave her hand,

That drove her lover from her side—

Who hied him to a distant land,

Where, battling for a name, he died !



## III.

She loved him—and his memory now  
Was treasured from the world apart:  
The calm of thought was on her brow,  
The seeds of death were in her heart.  
For all the world that thing forlorn  
I would not, could not be, and live—  
That casket with its jewel gone,  
A bride who has no heart to give!

## THE SUITORS.

## I.

WEALTH sought the bower of Beauty,  
Dressed like a modern beau :  
Just then Love, Health and Duty  
Took up their hats to go.  
Wealth such a cordial welcome met,  
As made the others grieve ;  
So Duty shunned the gay coquette,  
Love, pouting, took French leave—  
He did !  
Love, pouting, took French leave !

## II.

Old Time, the friend of Duty,  
Next called to see the fair ;  
He laid his hand on Beauty,  
And left her in despair.



Wealth vanished!—Last went rosy Health—

And she was doomed to prove

That those who Duty slight for Wealth,

Can never hope for Love—

Ah, no!

Can never hope for Love!

## ST. AGNES' SHRINE.

## I.

WHILE before St. Agnes' shrine  
Knelt a true knight's lady-love,  
From the wars of Palestine  
Came a gentle carrier-dove.  
Round his neck a silken string  
Fastened words the warrior writ:  
At her call he stooped his wing,  
And upon her finger lit.

## II.

She, like one enchanted, pored  
O'er the contents of the scroll—  
For that lady loved her lord  
With a pure, devoted soul.  
To her heart her dove she drew,  
While she traced the burning line;  
Then away his minion flew  
Back to sainted Palestine.



## III.

To and fro, from hand to hand  
Came and went a carrier-dove,  
Till throughout the Holy Land  
War resigned his sword to Love.  
Swift her dove, on wings of light,  
Brought the news from Palestine,  
And the lady her true knight  
Wedded at St. Agnes' shrine.

## WESTERN REFRAIN.

## I.

DROOP not, brothers!  
As we go,  
O'er the mountains,  
Westward ho!  
Under boughs of mistletoe,  
Log-huts we'll rear,  
While herds of deer and buffalo  
Furnish the cheer.  
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys!  
For game afar  
We have our rifles ready, boys!—  
Aha!  
Throw care to the winds,  
Like chaff, boys!—ha!  
And join in the laugh, boys—  
Hah—hah—hah!



## II.

Cheer up, brothers!

As we go,

O'er the mountains,

Westward ho!

When we've wood and prairie land,

Won by our toil,

We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,

Lords of the soil!

Then westward ho! in legions, boys—

Fair Freedom's star

Points to her sunset regions, boys!—

Aha!

Throw care to the winds,

Like chaff, boys!—ha!

And join in the laugh, boys—

Hah—hah—hah!







THE STORMY MOUNTAIN

## THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

## I.

THE shades of evening closed around  
The boundless Prairies of the west,  
As, grouped in sadness on the ground,  
A band of pilgrims leaned to rest:  
Upon the tangled weeds were laid  
The mother and her youngest born,  
Who slept, while others watched and prayed,  
And thus the weary night went on.

## II.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky —  
When on the whispering winds there came  
The Teton's shrill and thrilling cry,  
And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame!  
The sun seemed rising through the haze,  
But with an aspect dread and dire:  
The very air appeared to blaze! —  
O God! the Prairie was on fire!



## III.

Around the centre of the plain  
A belt of flame retreat denied —  
And, like a furnace, glowed the train  
That walled them in on every side :  
And onward rolled the torrent wild —  
Wreathes of dense smoke obscured the sky !  
The mother knelt beside her child,  
And all — save one — shrieked out, “ We die ! ”

## IV.

“ Not so ! ” he cried. — “ Help ! — Clear the sedge !  
Strip bare a circle to the land ! ”  
That done, he hastened to its edge,  
And grasped a rifle in his hand :  
Dried weeds he held beside the pan,  
Which kindled at a flash the mass !  
“ Now fire fight fire ! ” he said, as ran  
The forked flames among the grass.

## V.

On three sides now the torrent flew,  
But on the fourth no more it raved !  
Then large and broad the circle grew,  
And thus the pilgrim band was saved !

---

The flames receded far and wide —  
The mother had not prayed in vain :  
God had the Teton's arts defied !  
His scythe of fire had swept the plain !



## THE EVERGREEN.

## I.

Love cannot be the aloe-tree,  
Whose bloom but once is seen ;  
Go search the grove—the tree of love  
Is sure the evergreen :  
For that's the same, in leaf or frame,  
'Neath cold or sunny skies ;  
You take the ground its roots have bound,  
Or it, transplanted, dies !

## II.

That love thus shoots, and firmly roots  
In woman's heart, we see ;  
Through smiles and tears in after-years  
It grows a fadeless tree.  
The tree of love, all trees above,  
For ever may be seen,  
In summer's bloom or winter's gloom,  
A hardy evergreen.

## THE MAY-QUEEN.

## I.

LIKE flights of singing-birds went by  
The cheerful hours of girlhood's day,  
When, in my native bowers,  
Of simple buds and flowers  
They wove a crown, and hailed me Queen of May!

## II.

Like airy sprites the lasses came,  
Spring's offerings at my feet to lay;  
The crystal from the fountain,  
The green bough from the mountain,  
They brought to cheer and shade the Queen of May.

## III.

Around the May-pole on the green,  
A fairy ring they tripped away;  
All merriment and pleasure,  
To chords of tuneful measure  
They bounded by the happy Queen of May.



## IV.

Though years have passed, and Time has strown  
My raven locks with flakes of gray,  
Fond Memory brings the hours  
Of buds and blossom-showers  
When in girlhood I was crowned the Queen of May.



## VENETIAN SERENADE.

## I.

COME, come to me, love!  
Come, love! — Arise!  
And shame the bright stars  
With the light of thine eyes;  
Look out from thy lattice —  
Oh lady-bird, hear!  
A swan on the water —  
My gondola's near!

## II.

Come, come to me, love!  
Come, love! — My bride!  
O'er crystal in moonbeams  
We'll tranquilly glide:  
In the dip of the oar  
A melody flows  
Sweet as the nightingale  
Sings to the rose.

## III.

Come, come to me, love!

Come, love!—The day  
Brings warder and cloister!

Away, then—away!

Oh, haste to thy lover;

Not yon star above  
Is more true to heaven

Than he to his love!

## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

"The plaint of the wailing Whip-poor-will,  
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings  
Ever a note of wail and wo,  
Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow."

J. R. DRAKE.

## I.

WHY dost thou come at set of sun,  
Those pensive words to say?  
Why whip poor Will?—What has he done?  
And who is Will, I pray?

## II.

Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,  
A suppliant at my door?—  
Why ask of me to whip poor Will?  
And is Will really poor?



## III.

If poverty's his crime, let mirth  
From out his heart be driven :  
That is the deadliest sin on earth,  
And never is forgiven !

## IV.

Art Will himself?—It must be so—  
I learn it from thy moan,  
For none can feel another's wo  
As deeply as his own.

## V.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat,  
While other birds repose?  
What means thy melancholy note?—  
The mystery disclose !

## VI.

Still "Whip poor will!"—Art thou a sprite,  
From unknown regions sent  
To wander in the gloom of night,  
And ask for punishment?

## VII.

Is thine a conscience sore beset  
With guilt?—or, what is worse,  
Hast thou to meet writs, duns and debt—  
No money in thy purse?

## VIII.

If this be thy hard fate indeed,  
Ah! well may'st thou repine:  
The sympathy I give I need—  
The poet's doom is thine!

## IX.

Art thou a lover, Will?—Hast proved  
The fairest can deceive?  
Thine is the lot of all who've loved  
Since Adam wedded Eve!

## X.

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen  
No friend was he in need?  
A common error—men still lean  
Upon as frail a reed.



## XI.

Hast thou, in seeking wealth or fame,  
A crown of brambles won?  
O'er all the earth 'tis just the same  
With every mother's son!

## XII.

Hast found the world a Babel wide,  
Where man to Mammon stoops?—  
Where flourish Arrogance and Pride,  
While modest Merit droops?

## XIII.

What, none of these?—Then, whence thy pain?  
To guess it who's the skill?  
Pray have the kindness to explain  
Why I should whip poor Will?

## XIV.

Dost merely ask thy just desert?  
What, not another word?—  
Back to the woods again, unhurt—  
I will not harm thee, bird!



## XV.

But use thee kindly—for my nerves,  
Like thine, have penance done :  
“Use every man as he deserves,  
Who shall 'scape whipping?”—None!

## XVI.

Farewell, poor Will!—Not valueless  
This lesson by thee given :  
“Keep thine own counsel, and confess  
Thyself alone to Heaven!”

## THE EXILE TO HIS SISTER.

## I.

As streams at morn, from seas that glide,  
Rejoicing on their sparkling way,  
Will turn again at eventide,  
To mingle with their kindred spray —  
E'en so the currents of the soul,  
Dear sister, wheresoe'er we rove,  
Will backward to our country roll  
The boundless ocean of our love.

## II.

Yon northern star, now burning bright,  
The guide by which the wave-tossed steer,  
Beams not with a more constant light  
Than does thy love, my sister dear.  
From stars above the streams below  
Receive the glory they impart;  
So, sister, do thy virtues glow  
Within the mirror of my heart.



## NEAR THE LAKE.

## I.

NEAR the lake where drooped the willow,  
Long time ago!—  
Where the rock threw back the billow,  
Brighter than snow—  
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished  
By high and low;  
But with autumn's leaf she perished,  
Long time ago!

## II.

Rock and tree and flowing water,  
Long time ago!—  
Bee and bird and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know!  
While to my fond words she listened,  
Murmuring low,  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,  
Long time ago!



## III.

Mingled were our hearts for ever,  
    Long time ago!  
Can I now forget her?—Never!  
    No—lost one—no!  
To her grave these tears are given,  
    Ever to flow:  
She's the star I missed from heaven,  
    Long time ago!

## THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

## I.

AN ivy-mantled cottage smiled,  
Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side,  
Where dwelt the village-pastor's child,  
In all her maiden bloom and pride.  
Proud suitors paid their court and duty  
To this romantic sylvan beauty :  
Yet none of all the swains who sought her,  
Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

## II.

The town-gallants crossed hill and plain,  
To seek the groves of her retreat ;  
And many followed in her train,  
To lay their riches at her feet.  
But still, for all their arts so wary,  
From home they could not lure the fairy.  
A maid without a heart they thought her,  
And so they left the pastor's daughter.



## III.

One balmy eve in dewy spring  
A bard became her father's guest :  
He struck his harp, and every string  
To love vibrated in her breast.  
With that true faith which cannot falter,  
Her hand was given at the altar,  
And faithful was the heart he brought her  
To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

## IV.

How seldom learn the worldly gay  
With all their sophistry and art,  
The sweet and gentle primrose-way  
To woman's fond, devoted heart !  
They seek, but never find, the treasure,  
Revealed in eyes of jet and azure.  
To them, like truth in wells of water,  
A fable is the pastor's daughter.



## MARGARETTA.

## I.

WHEN I was in my teens,  
I loved dear Margareta :  
I know not what it means,  
I cannot now forget her !  
That vision of the past  
My head is ever crazing ;  
Yet, when I saw her last,  
I could not speak for gazing !  
Oh, lingering rose of May !  
Dear as when first I met her ;  
Worn is my heart alway,  
Life-cherished Margareta !

## II.

We parted near the stile,  
As morn was faintly breaking :  
For many a weary mile  
Oh how my heart was aching !

But distance, time and change,  
Have lost me Margaretta ;  
And yet 'tis sadly strange  
That I cannot forget her !  
O queen of rural maids —  
My dark-eyed Margaretta —  
The heart the mind upbraids  
That struggles to forget her !

## III.

My love, I know, will seem  
A wayward, boyish folly ;  
But, ah ! it was a dream  
Most sweet — most melancholy.  
Were mine the world's domain,  
To me 'twere fortune better  
To be a boy again,  
And dream of Margaretta.  
Oh ! memory of the past,  
Why linger to regret her ?  
My first love was my last —  
And that is Margaretta !



## THE COLONEL.

## I.

THE Colonel!—Such a creature!

I met him at the ball!—

So fair in form and feature,

And so divinely tall!

He praised my dimpled cheeks and curls,

While whirling through the dance,

And matched me with the dark-eyed girls

Of Italy and France!

## II.

He said, in accents thrilling—

“Love’s boundless as the sea;

And I, dear maid, am willing

To give up all for thee!”

I heard him—blushed—“Would ask mamma”—

And then my eyes grew dim!

He looked—I said, “Mamma—papa—

I’d give up all for him!”



## III.

My governor is rich and old;  
This well the Colonel knew.  
“Love’s wings,” he said, “when fringed with gold,  
Are beautiful to view!”  
I thought his ’haviour quite the ton,  
Until I saw him stare  
When merely told that—brother—John—  
Papa—would—make—his—heir!

## IV.

Next day and the day after  
I dressed for him in vain;  
Was moved to tears and laughter—  
He never came again!  
But I have heard, for Widow Dash  
He bought the bridal ring;  
And he will wed her for her cash—  
The ugly, hateful thing!

## THE SWEEP'S CAROL.

## I.

THROUGH the streets of New-York city,  
Blithely every morn,  
I carolled o'er my artless ditty,  
Cheerly though forlorn!  
Before the rosy light, my lay  
Was to the maids begun,  
Ere winter snows had passed away,  
Or smiled the summer sun.

*Carol—O—a—y—e—o!*

## II.

In summer months I'd fondly woo  
Those merry, dark-eyed girls,  
With faces of the ebon hue,  
And teeth like eastern pearls!



One vowed my love she would repay—  
Her heart my song had won,  
When winter snows had passed away,  
And smiled the summer sun.

*Carol—O—a—y—e—o!*

III.

A year, alas! had scarcely flown—  
Hope beamed but to deceive—  
Ere I was left to weep alone,  
From morn till dewy eve!  
She died one dreary break of day!—  
Grief weighs my heart upon!—  
In vain the snows may pass away,  
Or smile the summer sun.

*Carol—O—a—y—e—o!*



## THE SEASONS OF LOVE

## I.

THE spring-time of love  
Is both happy and gay,  
For Joy sprinkles blossoms  
And balm in our way ;  
The sky, earth and ocean  
In beauty repose,  
And all the bright future  
Is *couleur de rose*.

## II.

The summer of love  
Is the bloom of the heart,  
When hill, grove and valley  
Their music impart ;  
And the pure glow of heaven  
Is seen in fond eyes,  
As lakes show the rainbow  
That's hung in the skies.

## III.

The autumn of love  
Is the season of cheer—  
Life's mild Indian summer,  
The smile of the year?  
Which comes when the golden  
Ripe harvest is stored,  
And yields its own blessings—  
Repose and reward.

## IV.

The winter of love  
Is the beam that we win  
While the storm scowls without,  
From the sunshine within.  
Love's reign is eternal—  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.



## MY WOODLAND BRIDE.

## I.

HERE upon the mountain-side  
Till now we met together ;  
Here I won my woodland bride,  
In flush of summer weather.  
Green was then the linden-bough,  
This dear retreat that shaded ;  
Autumn winds are round me now,  
And the leaves have faded.

## II.

She whose heart was all my own,  
In this summer-bower,  
With all pleasant things has flown,  
Sunbeam, bird and flower !  
But her memory will stay  
With me, though we're parted —  
From the scene I turn away,  
Lone and broken-hearted !



## OH, THINK OF ME!

## I.

OH, think of me, my own beloved,  
Whatever cares beset thee!  
And when thou hast the falsehood proved,  
Of those with smiles who met thee—  
While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,  
Who never can forget thee;  
Let Memory trace the trysting-place,  
Where I with tears regret thee.

## II.

Bright as yon star, within my mind,  
A hand unseen hath set thee;  
There hath thine image been enshrined,  
Since first, dear love, I met thee;  
So in thy breast I fain would rest,  
If, haply, fate would let me—  
And live or die, wert thou but nigh,  
To love or to regret me!

MY BARK IS OUT UPON THE SEA.

I.

My bark is out upon the sea —  
The moon's above;  
Her light a presence seems to me  
Like woman's love.  
My native land I've left behind —  
Afar I roam;  
In other climes no hearts I'll find  
Like those at home.

II.

Of all yon sisterhood of stars,  
But one is true:  
She paves my path with silver bars,  
And beams like you,  
Whose purity the waves recall  
In music's flow,  
As round my bark they rise and fall  
In liquid snow.



III.

The fresh'ning breeze now swells our sails!

A storm is on!

The weary moon's dim lustre fails —

The stars are gone!

Not so fades Love's eternal light

When storm-clouds weep;

I know one heart's with me to-night

Upon the deep!

## WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

## I.

HEIGH-HO! for a husband!—Heigh-ho!

There's danger in longer delay!

Shall I never again have a beau?

Will nobody marry me, pray!

I begin to feel strange, I declare!

With beauty my prospects will fade—

I'd give myself up to despair

If I thought I should die an old maid!

## II.

I once cut the beaux in a huff—

I thought it a sin and a shame

That no one had spirit enough

To ask me to alter my name.

So I turned up my nose at the short,

And cast down my eyes at the tall;

But then I just did it in sport—

And now I've no lover at all!



## III.

These men are the plague of my life:

'Tis hard from so many to choose!

Should any one wish for a wife,

Could I have the heart to refuse?

I don't know—for none have proposed—

Oh, dear me!—I'm frightened, I vow!

Good gracious! who ever supposed

That I should be single till now?

## THE STAR OF LOVE.

## I.

THE star of love now shines above,  
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;  
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves  
Its serenade for thee.  
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,  
Their minstrelsy unite,  
But all are drear till thou appear  
To decorate the night.

## II.

The light of noon streams from the moon,  
Though with a milder ray;  
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,  
It cheers us on our way.  
Thus all that's bright—the moon, the night,  
The heavens, the earth, the sea—  
Exert their powers to bless the hours  
We dedicate to thee.



## WELL-A-DAY!

## I.

LOVE comes and goes like a spell!  
How, no one knows, nor can tell!  
Now here—now there—then away!  
None dreameth where!—Well-a-day!

## II.

Love should be true as the star  
Seen in the blue sky afar!—  
Not here—now here—like the lay  
Of lutes in th' air!—Well-a-day!

## III.

Should love depart, not a tie  
Binds up the heart till we die!—  
Now here—now there—sad we stray!  
Life is all care!—Well-a-day!

## NOT MARRIED YET!

## I.

I'm single yet—I'm single yet!  
And years have flown since I came out!  
In vain I sigh—in vain I fret—  
Ye gods! what are the men about?  
I vow I'm twenty!—O ye powers!  
A spinter's lot is hard to bear—  
On earth alone to pass her hours,  
And afterward lead apes—*down there!*

## II.

No offer yet—no offer yet!  
I'm puzzled quite to make it out:  
For every beau my cap I set—  
What, what, what *are* the men about?  
They don't propose—they *won't* propose,  
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say, "Yes!"  
Just let them try—for Heaven knows  
I'm tired of single-blessedness.



## III.

Not married yet—not married yet—  
The deuce is in the men, I fear!  
I'm like a—something to be let,  
And to be *let alone*—that's clear.  
They say, "She's pretty—but no chink—  
And love without it runs in debt!"  
It agitates my nerves to think  
That I have had no offer yet!

## LADY OF ENGLAND.

## I.

LADY OF ENGLAND—o'er the seas  
Thy name was borne on every breeze,  
Till all this sunset clime became  
Familiar with Victoria's name.

## II.

Though seas divide us many a mile,  
Yet, for the Queen of that fair isle,  
From which our fathers sprung, there roves  
A blessing from this Land of Groves.

## III.

Our Fatherland!—Fit theme for song!  
When thou art named, what memories throng!  
Shall England cease our love to claim?  
Not while our language is the same.



## IV.

Scion of kings! so live and reign,  
That, when thy nation's swelling strain  
Is breathed amid our forests green,  
We too may sing, "God save the Queen!"

## OH, THIS LOVE!

## I.

Oh, this love — this love!  
I ainse the passion slighted;  
But hearts that truly love,  
Must break or be united.  
Oh, this love!

## II.

When first he cam' to woo,  
I little cared aboot him;  
But seene I felt as though  
I could na' live without him.  
Oh, this love!

## III.

He brought to me the ring,  
My hand asked o' my mither —  
I could na' bear the thought  
That he should wed anither.  
Oh, this love!



## IV.

And now I'm a' his ain—  
In a' his joys I mingle;  
Nae for the wealth of warlds  
Wad I again be single!  
Oh, this love!

## M A R Y.

## I.

ONE balmy summer night, Mary,  
Just as the risen moon  
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,  
We left the gay saloon;  
And in a green, sequestered spot,  
Beneath a drooping tree,  
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,  
That still are dear to me, Mary,  
That still are dear to me.

## II.

Oh, we were happy then, Mary —  
Time lingered on his way,  
To crowd a lifetime in a night,  
Whole ages in a day!  
If star and sun would set and rise  
Thus in our after-years,



The world would be a paradise,  
And not a vale of tears, Mary,  
And not a vale of tears.

## III.

I live but in the past, Mary —  
The glorious days of old !  
When love was hoarded in the heart,  
As misers hoard their gold :  
And often like a bridal train,  
To music soft and low,  
The by-gone moments cross my brain,  
In all their summer glow, Mary,  
In all their summer glow.

## IV.

These visions form and fade, Mary,  
As age comes stealing on,  
To bring the light and leave the shade  
Of days for ever gone !  
The poet's brow may wear at last  
The bays that round it fall ;  
But love has rose-buds of the past  
Far dearer than them all, Mary,  
Far dearer than them all !

## THE BEAM OF DEVOTION.

## I.

I NEVER could find a good reason  
Why Sorrow unbidden should stay,  
And all the bright joys of life's season  
Be driven unheeded away.  
Our cares would wake no more emotion,  
Were we to our lot but resigned,  
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,  
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

## II.

The world has a spirit of beauty,  
Which looks upon all for the best—  
And while it discharges its duty,  
To Providence leaves all the rest:  
That spirit's the beam of devotion,  
Which lights us through life to its close,  
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,  
More beautiful far than it rose.



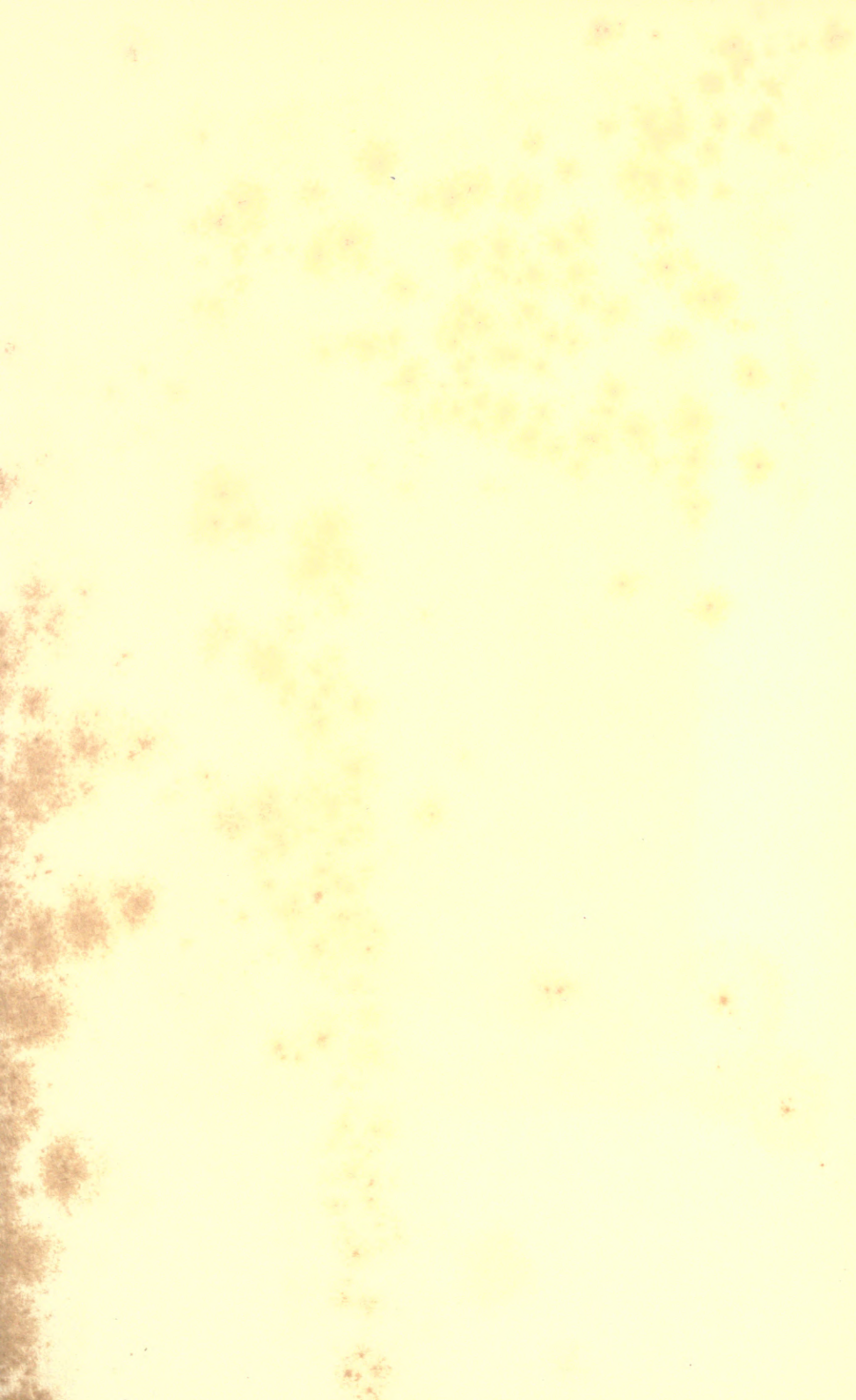
THE WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

I.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,  
 One moment cherished and the next forgot,  
 To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,  
 I know full well is hapless woman's lot;  
 Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,  
 Avert this brief but melancholy doom —  
 Content that close beside the thorn of feeling,  
 Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

II.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,  
 Yet often with a smile I've heard it told!  
 Oh, there are records of the heart which never  
 Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!  
 Mine eye to thine may scarce again aspire —  
 Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell,  
 And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire,  
 Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell!







R. W. War

Alf. Jones

*The Serenade*

'TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR

A SERENADE.

I.

THE fountains serenade the flowers,  
Upon their silver lute—  
And, nestled in their leafy bowers,  
The forest-birds are mute :  
The bright and glittering hosts above  
Unbar their golden gates,  
While Nature holds her court of love,  
And for her client waits.  
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!  
'Tis now the promised hour,  
When torches kindle in the skies  
To light thee to thy bower.

II.

THE day we dedicate to care—  
To love the witching night;  
For all that's beautiful and fair  
In hours like these unite.



E'en thus the sweets to flowerets given —

The moonlight on the tree —

And all the bliss of earth and heaven —

Are mingled, love, in thee.

Then, lady, wake — in beauty rise!

'Tis now the promised hour,

When torches kindle in the skies

To light thee to thy bower!

## THE SONGS OF HOME.

## I.

Oh, sing once more those dear, familiar lays,  
Whose gliding measure every bosom thrills,  
And takes my heart back to the happy days  
When first I sung them on my native hills!  
With the fresh feelings of the olden times,  
I hear them now upon a foreign shore—  
The simple music and the artless rhymes!  
Oh, sing those dear, familiar lays once more,  
Those cheerful lays of other days—  
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more!

## II.

Oh, sing once more those joy-provoking strains,  
Which, half forgotten, in my memory dwell;  
They send the life-blood bounding through my veins,  
And linger round me like a fairy spell.



The songs of home are to the human heart  
Far dearer than the notes that song-birds pour,  
And of our very nature form a part :  
Then sing those dear, familiar lays once more !  
Those cheerful lays of other days —  
Oh, sing those cheerful lays once more !



MASONIC HYMN.

I.

OUR Order, like the ark of yore,  
 Upon the raging sea was tossed;  
 Secure amid the billow's roar,  
 It moved, and nothing has been lost.

II.

When elements discordant seek  
 To wreck what God in mercy saves,  
 The struggle is as vain and weak  
 As that of the retiring waves.

III.

The Power who bade the waters cease,  
 The Pilot of the Pilgrim Band,  
 He gave the gentle dove of peace  
 The branch she bore them from the land.

## IV.

In Him alone we put our trust,  
With heart and hand and one accord,  
Ascribing, with the true and just,  
All "holiness unto the Lord."



## THE DISMISSED.

"I suppose she was right in rejecting my suit,  
But why did she kick me down stairs?"

HALLECK'S "*Discarded*."

## I.

THE wing of my spirit is broken,  
My day-star of hope has declined;  
For a month not a word have I spoken  
That's either polite or refined.  
My mind's like the sky in bad weather,  
When mist-clouds around us are curled:  
And, viewing myself altogether,  
I'm the veriest wretch in the world!

## II.

I wander about like a vagrant—  
I spend half my time in the street;  
My conduct's improper and flagrant,  
For I quarrel with all that I meet.



My dress, too, is wholly neglected,  
My hat I pull over my brow,  
And I look like a fellow suspected  
Of wishing to kick up a row.

## III.

In vain I've endeavoured to borrow  
From friends "some material aid"—  
For my landlady views me with sorrow,  
When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.  
Abroad my acquaintances flout me,  
The ladies cry, "Bless us, look there!"  
And the little boys cluster about me,  
And sensible citizens stare.

## IV.

One says, "He's a victim to Cupid;"  
Another, "His conduct's too bad;"  
A third, "He is awfully stupid;"  
A fourth, "He is perfectly mad!"—  
And then I am watched like a bandit,  
Mankind with me all are at strife:  
By Heaven, no longer I'll stand it,  
But quick put an end to my life!

## V.

I've thought of the means—yet I shudder  
At dagger or ratsbane or rope;  
At drawing with lancet my blood, or  
At razor without any soap!  
Suppose I should fall in a duel,  
And thus leave the stage with *éclat*?  
But to die with a bullet is cruel—  
Besides, 't would be breaking the law!

## VI.

Yet one way remains: to the river  
I'll fly from the goadings of care!—  
But drown?—oh! the thought makes me shiver—  
A terrible death, I declare!  
Ah, no!—I'll once more see my Kitty,  
And parry her cruel disdain—  
Beseech her to take me in pity,  
And never dismiss me again.



## LORD OF THE CASTLE.

## I.

"LORD of the castle! oh, where goest thou?  
Why is the triumph of pride on thy brow?" —  
"Pilgrim, my bridal awaits me to-day,  
Over the mountains away and away."

## II.

"Flora in beauty and solitude roves,  
List'ning for thee in the shade of the groves."  
"Pilgrim, I hasten her truth to repay,  
Over the mountains away and away."

## III.

"Guided by honour, how brilliant the road  
Leading from cottage to castle abode!"  
"Pilgrim, its dictates I learned to obey,  
Over the mountains away and away."



## THE FALLEN BRAVE.

## I.

FROM cypress and from laurel boughs  
Are twined, in sorrow and in pride,  
The leaves that deck the mouldering brows  
Of those who for their country died :  
In sorrow, that the sable pall  
Enfolds the valiant and the brave ;  
In pride, that those who nobly fall  
Win garlands that adorn the grave.

## II.

The onset—the pursuit—the roar  
Of victory o'er the routed foe—  
Will startle from their rest no more  
The fallen brave of Mexico.  
To God alone such spirits yield !  
He took them in their strength and bloom,  
When gathering, on the tented field,  
The garlands woven for the tomb.

## III.

The shrouded flag—the drooping spear—

The muffled drum—the solemn bell—

The funeral train—the dirge—the bier—

The mourners' sad and last farewell—

Are fading tributes to the worth

Of those whose deeds this homage claim ;

But Time, who mingles them with earth

Keeps green the garlands of their fame.



## SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

IN IMITATION OF THE LAYS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

## I.

"COME, list to the lay of the olden time,"

A troubadour sung on a moonlit stream:

"The scene is laid in a foreign clime,

"A century back—and love is the theme."

Love was the theme of the troubadour's rhyme,

Of lady and lord of the olden time.

## II.

"At an iron-barred turret, a lady fair

"Knelt at the close of the vesper-chime:

"Her beads she numbered in silent prayer

"For one far away, whom to love was her crime.

"Love," sung the troubadour, "love was a crime,

"When fathers were stern, in the olden time.

## III.

"The warder had spurned from the castle-gate  
"The minstrel who wooed her in flowing rhyme—  
"He came back from battle in regal estate—  
"The bard was a prince of the olden time.  
"Love," sung the troubadour, "listened to rhyme,  
"And welcomed the bard of the olden time.

## IV.

"The prince in disguise had the lady sought;  
"To chapel they hied in their rosy prime:  
"Thus worth won a jewel that wealth never bought,  
"A fair lady's heart of the olden time.  
"The moral," the troubadour sung, "of my rhyme,  
"Was well understood in the olden time."



## CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY.

## I.

THE pride of all our chivalry,  
The name of Worth will stand,  
While throbs the pulse of liberty  
Within his native land:  
The wreath his brow was formed to wear,  
A nation's tears will freshen there.

## II.

The young companion of his fame,  
In war and peace allied,  
With garlands woven round his name,  
Reposes at his side:  
Duncan, whose deeds for evermore  
Will live amid his cannon's roar.

## III.

Gates, in his country's quarrel bold,  
When she to arms appealed,  
Sought, like the Christian knights of old,  
His laurels on the field:  
Where victory rent the welkin-dome,  
He earned—a sepulchre at home.

## IV.

The drum-beat of the bannered brave,  
The requiem and the knell,  
The volley o'er the soldier's grave,  
His comrades' last farewell,  
Are tributes rendered to the dead,  
And sermons to the living read.

## V.

But there's a glory brighter far  
Than all that earth has given;  
A beacon, like the index-star,  
That points the way to heaven:  
It is a life well spent—its close  
The cloudless sundown of repose.



## VI.

That such was theirs for whom we mourn,  
These obsequies attest ;  
And though in sorrow they are borne  
Unto their final rest,  
A guide will their example be  
To future champions of the free.

## THE HUNTER'S CAROL.

## I.

A MERRY life does the hunter lead !  
He wakes with the dawn of day ;  
He whistles his dog—he mounts his steed,  
And scuds to the woods away !  
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,  
As they troop in herds along ;  
And his rifle startles the cheerful lark  
As he carols his morning song !

## II.

The hunter's life is the life for me !—  
That is the life for a man !  
Let others sing of a home on the sea,  
But match me the woods if you can !  
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark  
The deer as they bound along !—  
My steed, dog and gun, and the cheerful lark  
To carol my morning song !



## WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

## I.

A MONUMENT to Washington?

A tablet graven with his name?—  
Green be the mound it stands upon,  
And everlasting as his fame!

## II.

His glory fills the land—the plain,  
The moor, the mountain and the mart!  
More firm than column, urn or fane,  
His monument—the human heart.

## III.

The Christian—patriot—hero—sage!  
The chief from heaven in mercy sent;  
His deeds are written on the age—  
His country is his monument.

## IV.

"The sword of Gideon and the Lord"  
Was mighty in his mighty hand —  
The God who guided he adored,  
And with His blessing freed the land.

## V.

The first in war — the first in peace —  
The first in hearts that freemen own;  
Unparalleled till time shall cease —  
He lives — immortal and alone.

## VI.

Yet let the rock-hewn tower arise,  
High to the pathway of the sun,  
And speak to the approving skies  
Our gratitude to Washington.



## THE SISTER'S APPEAL.

## A FRAGMENT.

\* \* \* \* \*

## I.

You remember—don't you, brother—  
In our early years,  
The counsels of our poor, dear mother,  
And her hopes and fears?  
She told us to love one another—  
Brother, dry your tears!

## II.

We are only two, dear brother,  
In this babel wide!  
In the churchyard sleeps poor mother,  
By our father's side!—  
Then let us cherish one another  
Till in death we bide.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SONG OF THE REAPERS.

## I.

Joyous the carol that rings in the mountains,  
While the cleared vales are refreshed by the fountains—  
After the harvest the cheerful notes fall,  
And all the glad reapers re-echo the call!

La ra la la, &c.

## II.

Oh, how the heart bounds at that simple refrain!  
Dear haunts of my childhood, I'm with you again!  
Green be your valleys, enriched by the rills,  
And long may that carol be sung on your hills!

La ra la la, &c.



## WALTER GAY.

## I.

To know a man well, it is said, Walter Gay,  
On shipboard with him you should be :  
If this maxim's true, then well I know you,  
For we sailed together the sea, Walter Gay,  
For we sailed together the sea.

## II.

I now watch the star from the strand, Walter Gay,  
As oft from the surge I did then :  
Like that all alone you sparkled and shone,  
The clear northern star among men, Walter Gay,  
The clear northern star among men !

## III.

May your future course, like the past, Walter Gay,  
From wreck and misfortune be free :  
Your sorrows and care fade into the air,  
Or vanish like foam on the sea, Walter Gay,  
Or vanish like foam on the sea !

## IV.

The friendship that's formed on the wave, Walter Gay,  
Is deeper than plummet may sound :  
That cannot decay till we lose our way,  
Or death runs the vessel aground, Walter Gay,  
Or death runs the vessel aground !

## V.

When life's voyage ends, may your bark, Walter Gay,  
Spread sail like the wings of a dove —  
And, when lulls the wind, safe anchorage find  
Within the good haven above, Walter Gay,  
Within the good haven above !



GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE.

I.

HE.

WHAT can a man do when a woman's perverse,  
And determined to have her own way?

SHE.

At the altar you took me for better or worse:  
Am I worse than you took me for—say,  
Silly elf?—  
Am I worse than you took me for, say?

II.

HE.

For an angel I took you in beauty and worth—  
The *priest* a mere woman has given!

SHE.

A *man* would prefer a true woman on earth,  
To all the bright angels in heaven—  
Silly elf!—  
To all the bright angels in heaven!

III.

HE.

You ever are ready my feelings to hurt  
At the veriest trifle, of course.

SHE.

Forgetting a button to sew on your shirt  
You deem a good ground for divorce—  
Silly elf!—  
You deem a good ground for divorce!

IV.

HE.

Well, marriage a lottery is, and a blank  
Some men surely draw all their lives.

SHE.

Such fellows as you, sir, themselves have to thank:  
Good husbands make always good wives—  
Silly elf!—  
*Good husbands make always good wives!*



TEMPERANCE SONG.

(WRITTEN FOR THE LADY BY WHOM IT WAS SUNG.)

AIR—" *Some love to roam.*"

I.

SOME love to stroll where the wassail-bowl  
 And the wine-cups circle free ;  
 None of that band shall win my hand :  
 No ! a sober spouse for me.  
 Like cheerful streams when morning beams,  
 With him my life would flow ;  
 Not down the crags, the drunkard drags  
 His wife to want and wo !  
 Oh ! no, no, no !—oh ! no, no, no !

II.

At midnight dark, the drunkard mark—  
 Oh, what a sight, good lack !  
 As home draws near, to him appear  
 Grim fiends who cross his track !

His children's name he dooms to shame —

His wife to want and wo;

She is betrayed, for wine is made

Her rival and her foe.

Oh! no, no, no!—oh! no, no, no!



## BOAT-SONG.

## I.

PULL away merrily—over the waters!  
Tug to your oars for the wood-tangled shore;  
We're off and afloat with earth's loveliest daughters,  
Worth all the argosies wave ever bore.  
Pull away gallantly—pull away valiantly—  
Pull with a swoop, boys; and pull for the shore:  
Merrily, merrily, bend to the oar!

## II.

Pull away cheerily!—land is before us—  
Green groves are flinging their balm to the spray;  
The sky, like the spirit of love, bending o'er us,  
Lights her bright torches to show us the way.  
Pull away charily—pull away warily—  
Pull with a nerve, boys; together give way:  
Merrily, merrily, pull to the lay!

## III.

Pull away heartily—light winds are blowing,  
Crisping the ripples that dance at our side ;  
The moon bathes in silver the path we are going,  
And Night is arrayed in her robes like a bride.  
Pull away readily—pull away steadily—  
Pull with a will, boys, and sing as we glide  
Merrily, merrily, over the tide !



## WILLIE.

## I.

I CLASP your hand in mine, Willie,  
And fancy I've the art  
To see, while gazing in your face,  
What's passing in your heart :  
'Tis joy an honest man to hold,  
That gem of modest worth,  
More prized than all the sordid gold  
Of all the mines of earth, Willie,  
Of all the mines of earth.

## II.

I've marked your love of right, Willie,  
Your proud disdain of wrong ;  
I know you'd rather aid the weak  
Than battle for the strong.

The golden rule—religion's stay—  
With constancy pursue,  
Which renders others all that they  
On earth can render you, Willie,  
On earth can render you.

## III.

A conscience void of guile, Willie,  
A disposition kind,  
A nature, gentle and sincere,  
Accomplished and refined:  
A mind that was not formed to bow,  
An aspiration high,  
Are written on your calm, clear brow,  
And in your cheerful eye, Willie,  
And in your cheerful eye.

## IV.

I never look at you, Willie,  
But with an anxious prayer  
That you will ever be to me  
What now I know you are.



---

I do not find a fault to chide,  
A foible to annoy,  
For you are all your father's pride,  
And all your mother's joy, Willie,  
And all your mother's joy.

## v.

You're all that I could hope, Willie,  
And more than I deserve;  
Your pressure of affection now  
I feel in every nerve.  
I love you—not for station—land—  
But for yourself alone:  
And this is why I clasp your hand,  
So fondly in my own, Willie,  
So fondly in my own.

## THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

## I.

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,  
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;  
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,  
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for Thee.  
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,  
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;  
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,  
And Heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

## II.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given  
Of mild resignation, devotion and love,  
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,  
A beacon-light swung in their mansion above.  
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—  
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—  
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,  
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

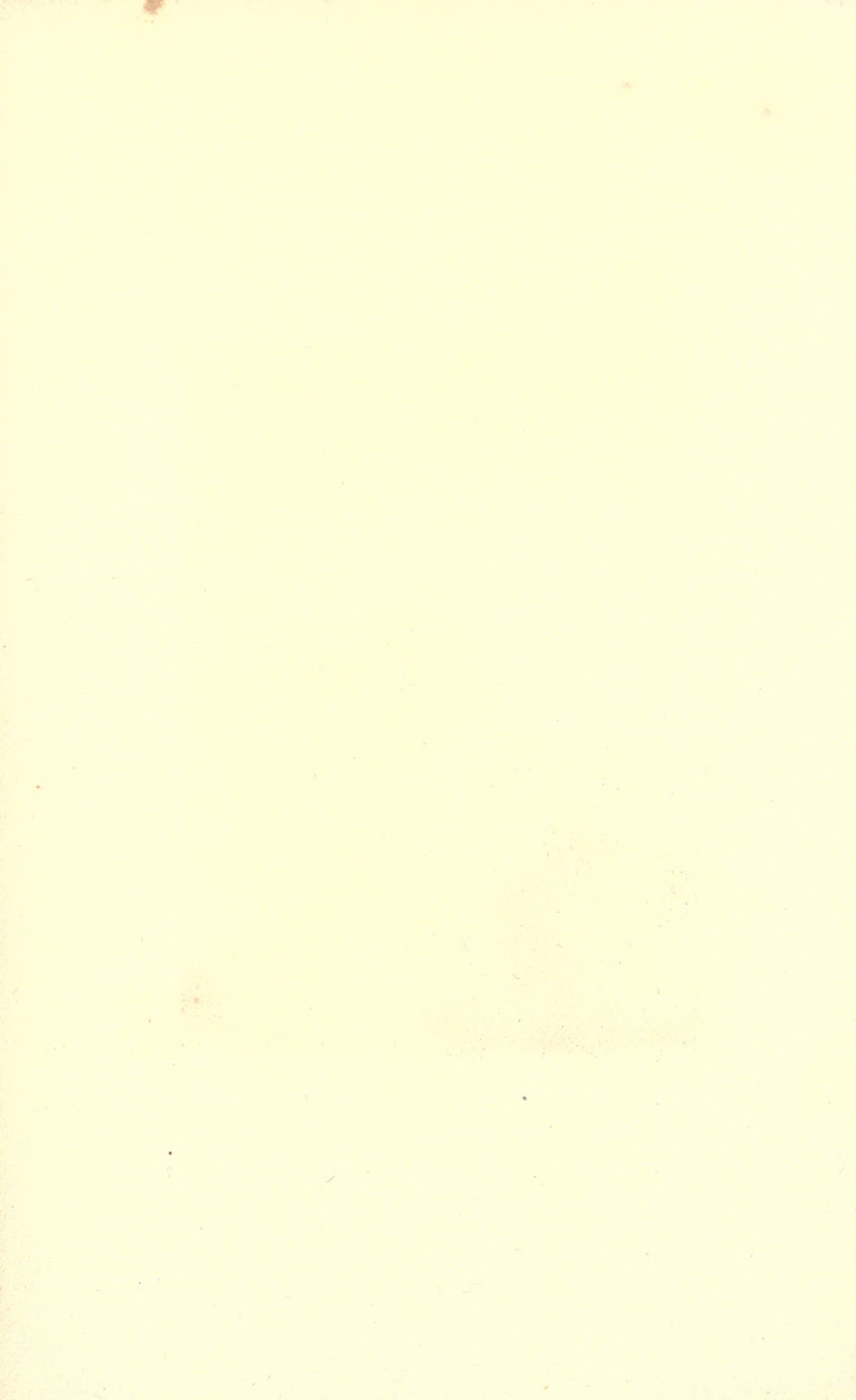




R. W. Weir

Alf Jones

*The Rock in the Helmsman*





## YEARS AGO.

## I.

NEAR the banks of that lone river,  
Where the water-lilies grow,  
Breathed the fairest flower that ever  
Bloomed and faded years ago.

## II.

How we met and loved and parted,  
None on earth can ever know —  
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted  
Beamed the mourned one years ago!

## II.

Like the stream with lilies laden,  
Will life's future current flow,  
Till in heaven I meet the maiden  
Fondly cherished years ago.

## IV.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;  
They're the same in weal or wo;  
And that star of memory set not  
In the grave of years ago.



THE SOLDIER'S WELCOME HOME.

(WRITTEN UPON THE RETURN OF GENERAL SCOTT FROM HIS  
BRILLIANT MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.)

I.

VICTORIOUS the hero returns from the wars,  
His brow bound with laurels that never will fade,  
While streams the free standard of stripes and of stars,  
Whose field in the battle the foeman dismayed.  
When the Mexican hosts in their fury came on,  
Like a tower of strength in his might he arose;  
Where danger most threatened his banner was borne,  
Waving hope to his friends and despair to his foes!

II.

The soldier of honour and liberty hail!  
His deeds in the temple of Fame are enrolled;  
His precepts, like flower-seeds sown by the gale,  
Take root in the hearts of the valiant and bold.

The warrior's escutcheon his foes seek to blot,  
But vain is the effort of partisan bands—  
For freemen will render full justice to Scott,  
And welcome him home with their hearts in their hands.



THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

I.

ONCE on a time old JOHNNY BULL  
Flew in a raging fury,  
And swore that JONATHAN should have  
No trials, sir, by jury;  
That no elections should be held  
Across the briny waters:  
“And now,” said he, “I’ll tax the tea  
Of all his sons and daughters.”  
Then down he sate in burly state,  
And blustered like a grandee,  
And in derision made a tune  
Called “Yankee doodle dandy.”  
“Yankee doodle”—these are facts—  
“Yankee doodle dandy;  
My son of wax, your tea I’ll tax—  
You—Yankee doodle dandy!”

## II.

John sent the tea from o'er the sea  
With heavy duties rated ;  
But whether hyson or bohea,  
I never heard it stated.  
Then Jonathan to pout began —  
He laid a strong embargo —  
“I'll drink no tea, by Jove!”—so he  
Threw overboard the cargo.  
Next Johnny sent an armament,  
Big looks and words to bandy,  
Whose martial band, when near the land,  
Played — “Yankee doodle dandy.”  
“Yankee doodle—keep it up !  
Yankee doodle dandy !  
I'll poison with a tax your cup —  
You — Yankee doodle dandy !”

## III.

A long war then they had, in which  
John was at last defeated ;  
And “Yankee doodle” was the march  
To which his troops retreated.  
Young Jonathan, to see them fly,  
Could not restrain his laughter :



"That tune," said he, "suits to a T,  
 I'll sing it ever after!"  
 Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,  
 Was flushed with beer and brandy,  
 E'en while he swore to sing no more  
 This—"Yankee doodle dandy."  
 Yankee doodle—ho! ha! he!  
 Yankee doodle dandy—  
 We kept the tune, but not the tea,  
 Yankee doodle dandy!

IV.

I've told you now the origin  
 Of this most lively ditty,  
 Which Johnny Bull pronounces "dull  
 And silly!"—what a pity!  
 With "Hail Columbia!" it is sung,  
 In chorus full and hearty—  
 On land and main we breathe the strain,  
 John made for his tea-party.  
 No matter how we rhyme the words,  
 The music speaks them handy,  
 And where's the fair can't sing the air  
 Of "Yankee doodle dandy!"

“Yankee doodle—firm and true—  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
Yankee doodle, doodle doo!  
Yankee doodle dandy!”



## LINES

ON THE BURIAL OF MRS. MARY L. WARD, AT DALE CEMETERY, SING-SING, MAY 3, 1853.

## I.

THE knell was tolled—the requiem sung,  
The solemn burial-service read;  
And tributes from the heart and tongue  
Were rendered to the dead.

## II.

THE dead?—Religion answers, “No!  
She is not dead—she cannot die!  
A Christian left this vale of wo!—  
An angel lives on high!”

## III.

THE earth upon her coffin-lid  
Sounded a hollow, harsh adieu!  
The mound arose, and she was hid  
For ever from the view!

## IV.

For ever?—Drearily the thought  
Passed, like an ice-bolt, through the brain;  
When Faith the recollection brought  
That we shall meet again.

## V.

The mourners wound their silent way  
Adown the mountain's gentle slope,  
Which, basking in the smile of May,  
Looked cheerfully as hope.

## VI.

As hope?—What hope?—That boundless One  
God in His love and mercy gave;  
Which brightens, with salvation's sun,  
The darkness of the grave.



## NEW-YORK IN 1826.

(ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, ON  
THE FIRST DAY OF THAT YEAR.)

AIR—*"Songs of Shepherds in Rustical Roundelays."*

## I.

Two years have elapsed since the verse of s. w.  
Met your bright eyes like a fanciful gem ;  
With that kind of stanza the muse will now trouble you,  
She often frolics with one G. P. M.  
As New Year approaches, she whispers of coaches,  
And lockets and broaches, without any end,  
Of sweet rosy pleasure, of joy without measure,  
And plenty of leisure to share with a friend.

## II.

'Tis useless to speak of the griefs of society—  
They overtake us in passing along ;  
And public misfortunes, in all their variety,  
Need not be told in a holiday song.

The troubles of Wall-street, I'm sure that you all meet,  
And they're not at all sweet—but look at their pranks,  
Usurious cravings, and discounts and shavings,  
With maniac ravings and Lombardy banks.

## III.

'Tis useless to speak of our dealers in cotton too,  
Profits and losses but burden the lay;  
The failure of merchants should now be forgotten too,  
Nor sadden the prospects of this festive day.  
Though Fortune has cheated the hope near completed,  
And cruelly treated the world mercantile,  
The poet's distresses, when Fortune oppresses,  
Are greater, he guesses—but still he can smile.

## IV.

'Tis useless to speak of the gas-light so beautiful,  
Shedding its beams through "the mist of the night;"  
Eagles and tigers and elephants, dutiful,  
Dazzle the vision with columns of light.  
The lamb and the lion—ask editor Tryon,  
His word you'll rely on—are seen near the Park,  
From which such lights flow out, as wind cannot blow out,  
Yet often they go out, and all's in the dark.



## V.

'Tis useless to speak of the seats on the Battery,  
They're too expensive to give to the town ;  
Then our aldermen think it such flattery,  
If the public have leave to sit down !  
Our fortune to harden, they show Castle Garden —  
Kind muses, your pardon ; but rhyme it I must —  
Where soldiers were drilling, you now must be willing  
To pay them a shilling — so down with the dust.

## VI.

'Tis useless to speak of our writers poetical,  
Of Halleck and Bryant and Woodworth, to write ;  
There are others, whose trades are political —  
Snowden and Townsend and Walker and Dwight.  
There's Lang the detector, and Coleman the hector,  
And Noah the protector and judge of the Jews,  
And King the accuser, and Stone the abuser,  
And Grim the confuser of morals and news.

## VII.

'Tis useless to speak of the many civilities  
Shown to FAYETTE in this country of late,  
Or even to mention the splendid abilities  
CLINTON possesses for ruling the state.

The union of water and Erie's bright daughter,  
Since Neptune has caught her they'll sever no more;  
And Greece and her troubles (the rhyme always doubles)  
Have vanished like bubbles that burst on the shore.

## VIII.

'Tis useless to speak of Broadway and the Bowery,  
Both are improving and growing so fast!  
Who would have thought that old STUYVESANT's dowery  
Would hold in its precincts a play-house at last?  
Well, wonder ne'er ceases, but daily increases,  
And pulling to pieces, the town to renew,  
So often engages the thoughts of our sages,  
That when the fit rages, what will they not do?

## IX.

'Tis useless to speak of the want of propriety  
In forming our city so crooked and long;  
Our ancestors, bless them, were fond of variety —  
It's naughty to say that they ever were wrong!  
Tho' strangers may grumble, and thro' the streets stumble,  
Take care they don't tumble through crevices small,  
For trap-doors we've plenty, on sidewalk and entry,  
And no one stands sentry to see they don't fall.



## X.

'Tis useless to speak of amusements so various,  
Of opera-singers that few understand;  
Of Kean's reputation, so sadly precarious  
When he arrived in this prosperous land.  
The public will hear him — and hark! how they cheer him!  
Though editors jeer him — we all must believe  
He pockets the dollars of sages and scholars:  
Of course then it follows — he laughs in his sleeve.

## XI.

'Tis useless to speak — but just put on your spectacles,  
Read about Chatham, and Peale's splendid show:  
There's Scudder and Dunlap — they both have receptacles  
Which, I assure you, are now all the go.  
'Tis here thought polite too, should giants delight you,  
And they should invite you, to look at their shapes;  
To visit their dwelling, where Indians are yelling,  
And handbills are telling of wonderful apes!

## XII.

'Tis useless to speak of the din that so heavily  
Fell on our senses as midnight drew near;  
Trumpets and bugles and conch-shells, so cleverly  
Sounded the welkin with happy New Year!

With jewsharps and timbrels, and musical thimbles,  
Tin-platters for cymbals, and frying-pans too ;  
Dutch-ovens and brasses, and jingles and glasses,  
With reeds of all classes, together they blew !

## XIII.

Then since it is useless to speak about anything  
All have examined and laid on the shelf,  
Perhaps it is proper to say now and then a thing  
Touching the "MIRROR"—the day—and myself.  
Our work's not devoted, as you may have noted,  
To articles quoted from books out of print ;  
Instead of the latter, profusely we scatter  
Original matter that's fresh from the mint.

## XIV.

Patrons, I greet you with feelings of gratitude ;  
Ladies, to please you is ever my care—  
Nor wish I, on earth, for a sweeter beatitude,  
If I but bask in the smiles of the fair.  
Such bliss to a poet is precious—you know it—  
And while you bestow it, the heart feels content :  
Your bounty has made us, and still you will aid us,  
But some have not paid us—we hope they'll repent !



## XV.

For holiday pleasure, why these are the times for it;

Pardon, me, then, for so trifling a lay;

This stanza shall end it, if I can find rhymes for it—

May you, dear patrons, be happy to-day!

Though life is so fleeting, and pleasure so cheating,

That we are oft meeting with accidents here,

Should Fate seek to dish you, oh then may the issue

Be what I now wish you—A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

## THE HERO'S LEGACY.

UPON the couch of death,  
The champion of the free,  
Gave, with his parting breath,  
This solemn legacy :  
"Sheathed be the battle-blade,  
"And hushed the cannon's thunder :  
"The glorious UNION God hath made,  
"Let no man put asunder !  
"War banish from the land,  
"Peace cultivate with all !  
"United you must stand,  
"Divided you will fall !  
"Cemented with our blood,  
"The UNION keep unriven !"  
While freemen heard this counsel good,  
His spirit soared to heaven.



## WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

(WRITTEN FOR MISS POOLE, AND SUNG BY HER IN THE  
CHARACTER OF COWSLIP.)

## I.

I'M much too young to marry,  
For I am only seventeen;  
Why think I, then, of Harry?  
What can it mean — what can it mean?

## II.

Wherever Harry meets me,  
Beside the brook or on the green,  
How tenderly he greets me!  
What can it mean — what can it mean?

## III.

Whene'er my name he utters,  
A blush upon my cheek is seen! —  
His voice my bosom flutters! —  
What can it mean — what can it mean?

## IV.

If he but mentions Cupid,  
Or, smiling, calls me "fairy queen,"  
I sigh, and look so stupid!—  
What can it mean—what can it mean?

## V.

Oh, mercy! what can ail me?  
I'm growing wan and very lean;  
My spirits often fail me!  
What can it mean—what can it mean?

## VI.

I'M NOT IN LOVE!—No!—Smother  
Such a thought at seventeen!  
I'll go and ask my mother—  
"What can it mean—what can it mean?"



## THE STORY OF A SONG.

(CONTAINED IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND WHO REQUESTED THE  
HISTORY OF MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.)

## I.

I WROTE the song for Russell,  
When I was poor and sad,  
About "My Mother's Bible"—  
The only thing I had—  
Which sold for fifty dollars,  
Much to his heart's content:  
He put them in his pocket—  
I never had a cent!

## II.

One day some Yankee minstrels,  
The Hutchinsons by name,  
Reset "My Mother's Bible"—  
(The tune was much the same)—

Which sold for forty dollars,  
As sure as you're alive;  
And, like true-hearted fellows,  
They gave me twenty-five!

## III.

These facts alone, believe me,  
Unto the words belong—  
The rest is all invented  
To make a little song.  
Don't set these lines to music,  
Unless—excuse the laugh—  
You sell them, like good fellows,  
And give the poet—half!



## WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE.

## I.

WHERE Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,  
Crowned with a single star!  
And there, amid the billowy swells  
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,  
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,  
A nymph of mountain-birth.

## II.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,  
The diamonds of the showers,  
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,  
The sisterhood of flowers,  
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,  
Her purity define;  
Yet Ida's dearer far than these  
To this fond breast of mine.

## III.

My heart is on the hills. The shades  
Of night are on my brow :  
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,  
My soul is with you now !  
I bless the star-crowned highlands where  
My Ida's footsteps roam :  
O for a falcon's wing to bear  
Me onward to my home !



## AU REVOIR!

## I.

Love left one day his leafy bower,  
And roamed in sportive vein,  
Where Vanity had built a tower,  
For Fashion's sparkling train.  
The mistress to see he requested,  
Of one who attended the door:  
"Not home," said the page, who suggested  
That he'd leave his card. — "*Au revoir.*"

## II.

Love next came to a lowly bower:  
A maid who knew no guile,  
Unlike the lady of the tower,  
Received him with a smile.  
Since then the cot beams with his brightness,  
Though often at Vanity's door  
Love calls, merely out of politeness,  
And just leaves his card. — "*Au revoir!*"

## EPIGRAMS.

## I.

ON READING GRIM'S ATTACK UPON CLINTON.

'Tis the opinion of the town  
That Grim's a silly elf:  
In trying to write Clinton down,  
He went *right down himself*.

## II.

ON HEARING THAT MORSE DID NOT "INVENT" THE TELEGRAPH.

FIRST they said it would not do;  
But, when he got through it,  
Then they vowed they always knew  
That he didn't do it!  
Lies are rolling stones, of course,  
But they can't adhere to *Morse*.

---

## EPITAPH.

ALL that's beautiful in woman,  
All we in her nature love,  
All that's good in all that's human,  
Passed this gate to courts above.



## ADDRESS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF WILLIAM DUNLAP.

(SPOKEN BY MRS. SHARPE.)

WHAT gay assemblage greets my wondering sight!  
What scene of splendour—conjured here to-night!  
What voices murmur, and what glances gleam!  
Sure 'tis some flattering, unsubstantial dream.  
The house is crowded—everybody's here  
For beauty famous, or to science dear;  
Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles and beaux,  
Poets and painters—and Heaven only knows  
Whom else beside!—And see, gay ladies sit,  
Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit—  
(A fairy change—ah, pray continue it.)  
Gray heads are here too, listening to my rhymes,  
Full of the spirit of departed times;  
Grave men and studious, strangers to my sight,  
All gather round me on this brilliant night.

And welcome are ye all. Not now ye come  
To speak some trembling poet's awful doom;  
With frowning eyes a "want of mind" to trace  
In some new actor's inexperienced face,  
Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame!) to rate  
"With study good—in time—but—never great:"  
Not like yon travelled native, just to say  
"Folks in this country cannot act a play—  
They can't, 'pon honour!" How the creature starts!  
His wit and whiskers came from foreign parts!  
Nay, madam, spare your blushes—you I mean—  
There—close beside him—oh, you're full nineteen—  
You need not shake your flowing locks at me—  
The man, your sweetheart—then I'm dumb, you see;  
I'll let him off—you'll punish him in time,  
Or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme!  
A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,  
To wreath the laurel round the silvered brow  
Of one who merits it—if any can—  
The artist, author and the honest man.  
With equal charms his pen and pencil drew  
Bright scenes, to nature and to virtue true.  
Full oft upon these boards hath youth appeared,  
And oft your smiles his faltering footsteps cheered;  
But not alone on budding genius smile,  
Leaving the ripened sheaf unowned the while;



---

To boyish hope not every bounty give,  
And only youth and beauty bid to live.  
Will you forget the services long past—  
Turn the old war-horse out to die at last?—  
When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,  
His faithful bosom dares the charge no more!  
Ah, no!—The sun that loves his beams to shed  
Round every opening floweret's tender head,  
With smiles as kind his genial radiance throws  
To cheer the sadness of the fading rose:  
Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crowd,  
Points to the past, and has his claims allowed;  
Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,  
And rests in triumph—like the setting sun.

## ADDRESS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

(SPOKEN BY MRS. CHAPMAN.)

NAY, Mr Simpson!—'Tis not kind—polite—  
To shut me out, sir?—I'm in such a fright!—  
I cannot speak the lines, I'm sure!—Oh, fie!  
To say I must!—but if I must—I'll try!

From him I turn to these more generous souls,  
The drama's patrons and the friends of KNOWLES.  
Why, what a brilliant galaxy is here!  
What stars adorn this mimic hemisphere!  
Names that shine brightest on our country's page!  
The props of science—literature—the stage!  
Above—below—around me—woman smiles,  
The fairest floweret of these western wilds—  
All come to pay the tribute of their praise  
To the first dramatist of modern days:



And welcome, to the green home of the free,  
With heart and hand, the bard of liberty!

His is a wizard-wand. Its potent spell  
Broke the deep slumber of the patriot Tell,  
And placed him on his native hills again,  
The pride and glory of his fellow-men!  
The poet speaks—for Rome Virginia bleeds!  
Bold Caius Gracchus in the forum pleads!  
Alfred—the Great, because the good and wise,  
Bids prostrate England burst her bonds and rise!  
Sweet Bess, the Beggar's Daughter, beauty's queen,  
Walks forth the joy and wonder of the scene!  
The Hunchback enters—kindly—fond—severe—  
And last, behold the glorious Wife appear!

These are the bright creations of a mind  
Glowing with genius, chastened and refined.  
In all he's written, be this praise his lot:  
"Not one word, dying, would he wish to blot!"

Upon my life 'tis no such easy thing  
To laud the bard, unless an eagle's wing  
My muse would take; and, fixing on the sun  
Her burning eye, soar as his own has done!

Did you speak, sir?—What, madam, did he say?  
Wrangling!—for shame!—before your wedding-day!

Nay, gentle lady, by thine eyes of blue,  
And vermeil blushes, I did not mean you!  
Bless me, what friends at every glance I see!  
Artists and authors—men of high degree;  
Grave politicians, who have weighed each chance—  
The next election, and the war with France;  
Doctors, just come from curing half a score—  
And belles, from killing twice as many more;  
Judges, recorders, aldermen and mayors,  
Seated, like true republicans, down stairs!  
All wear a glow of sunshine in their faces  
Might well become Apollo and the graces,  
Except one yonder, with a look infernal,  
Like a blurred page from Fanny Kemble's Journal!

But to my task. The muse, when I began,  
Spoke of the writer—welcome ye the man.  
Genius, at best, acts but an humble part,  
Unless obedient to an honest heart.  
And such a one is his, for whom, to-night,  
These walls are crowded with this cheering sight.  
Ye love the poet—oft have conned him o'er  
Knew ye the man, ye'd love him ten times more.  
Ye critics, spare him from your tongue and quill;  
Ye gods, applaud him; and ye fops—be still!



ADDRESS  
FOR THE BENEFIT OF HENRY PLACIDE.

(SPOKEN BY MRS. HILSON.)

THE music's done. Be quiet, Mr. Durie!  
Your bell and whistle put me in a fury!  
Don't ring up yet, sir—I've a word to say  
Before the curtain rises for the play!

Your pardon, gentlefolks, nor think me bold,  
Because I thus our worthy prompter scold:  
'Twas all feigned anger. This enlightened age  
Requires a *ruse* to bring one on the stage!

Well, here I am, quite dazzled with the sight  
Presented on this brilliant festal night!  
Where'er I turn, whole rows of patrons sit—  
The house is full—box, gallery and pit!  
Who says the New-York public are unkind?  
I know them well, and plainly speak my mind—

“It is our right,” the ancient poet sung—  
He knew the value of a woman’s tongue!  
With this I will defend ye—and rehearse  
*Five* glorious *acts* of yours—in modern verse;  
Each one concluding with a generous deed  
For Dunlap, Cooper, Woodworth, Knowles, Placide!  
’Twas nobly done, ye patriots and scholars!  
Besides—they netted twenty thousand dollars!  
“A good round sum,” in these degenerate times—  
“This bank-note world,” so called in Halleck’s rhymes;  
And proof conclusive, you will frankly own,  
In liberal actions New-York stands alone.

Though roams he oft ’mong green poetic bowers,  
The actor’s path is seldom strewn with flowers.  
His is a silent, secret, patient toil—  
While others sleep, he burns the midnight oil—  
Pores o’er his books—thence inspiration draws,  
And wastes his life to merit your applause!  
O ye, who come the laggard hours to while,  
And with the laugh-provoking muse to smile,  
Remember this: the mirth that cheers you so,  
Shows but the surface—not the depths below!  
Then judge not lightly of the actor’s art,  
Who smiles to please you, with a breaking heart!  
Neglect him not in his hill-climbing course,  
Nor treat him with less kindness than your horse:



Up hill, indulge him—down the deep descent,  
Spare—and don't urge him when his strength is spent;  
Impel him briskly o'er the level earth,  
But in the stable don't forget his worth!  
So with the actor—while you work him hard,  
Be mindful of his claims to your regard.

But hold!—methinks some carping cynic here  
Will greet my homely image with a sneer.  
Well—let us see—I would the monster view:  
Man with umbrageous whiskers, is it you?  
Ah, no—I was mistaken: every brow  
Beams with benevolence and kindness now;  
Beauty and fashion all the circles grace—  
And scowling Envy here were out of place!  
On every side the wise and good appear—  
The very pillars of the state are here!  
There sit the doctors of the legal clan;  
There all the city's rulers, to a man;  
Critics and editors, and learned M. D.'s,  
Buzzing and busy, like a hive of bees;  
And there, as if to keep us all in order,  
Our worthy friends the Mayor and the Recorder!

Well, peace be with you! Friends of native worth,  
Yours is the power to call it into birth;

Yours is the genial influence smiles upon  
The budding flowerets opening to the sun.  
They all around us court your fostering hand—  
Rear them with care, in beauty they'll expand—  
With grateful odours well repay your toil,  
Equal to those sprung from a foreign soil;  
And more Placides bask in your sunshine then,  
The first of actors and the best of men.

THE  
MAID OF SAXONY:  
OR,  
WHO'S THE TRAITOR?

AN  
OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

FOUNDED UPON HISTORICAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE SECOND OF  
PRUSSIA, RELATED BY MISS EDGEWORTH, ZIMMERMANN, LATROBE,  
AND OTHER WRITERS.

THE MUSIC  
(With the exception of three German Melodies, and the characteristic Introduction)

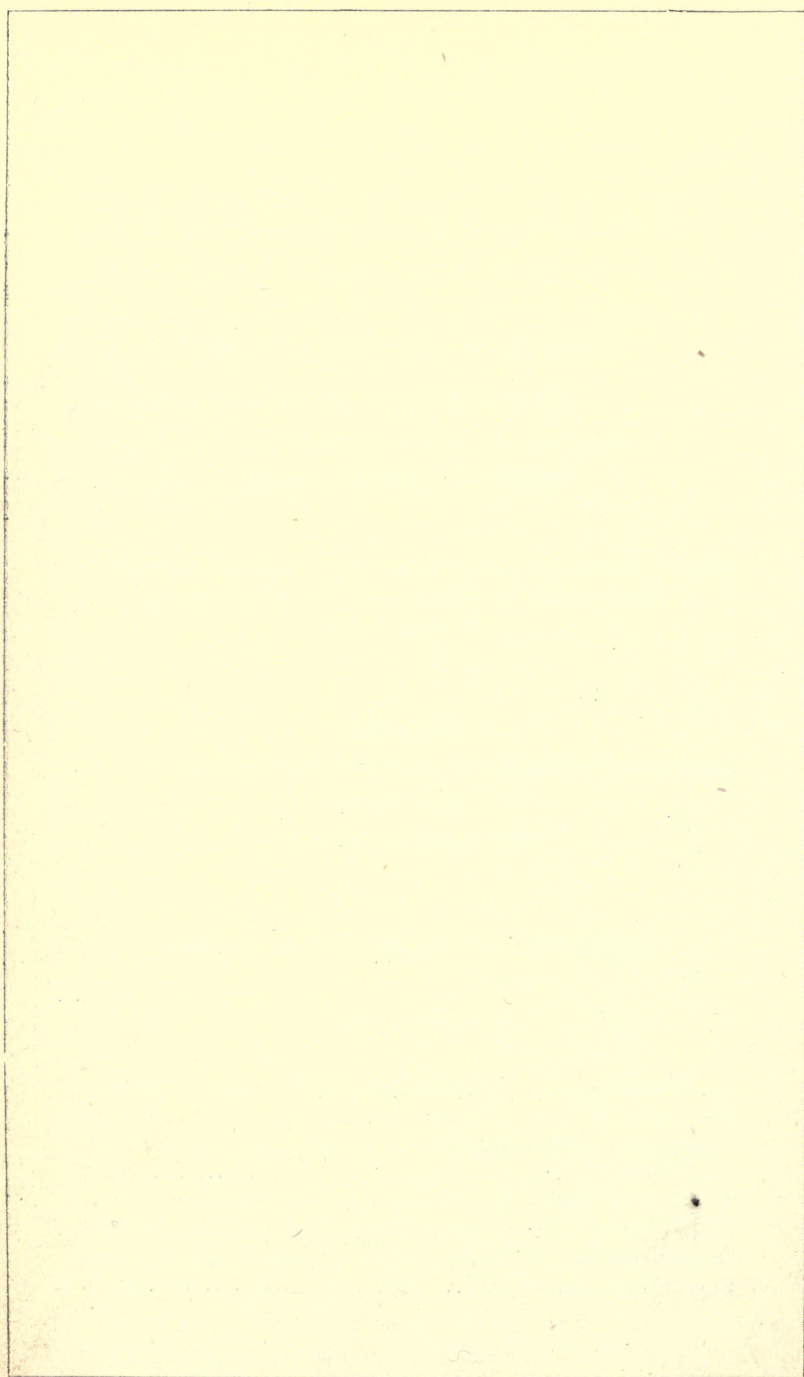
COMPOSED BY  
CHARLES E. HORN.

THE LIBRETTO BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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The Scenery by.....Messrs. HILLYARD, WHEATLEY, and Assistants.  
The Costumes by.....M. LOUIS.  
The Properties and Decorations by.....M. DEJONGE.  
The Machinery by.....M. SPEYERS.  
The Orchestra increased, and the Choruses full and effective.  
Leader of the Orchestra and Chorus-Master.....M. CHUBB.  
The Music produced under the direction of.....Mr. C. E. HORN.  
Stage-Manager.....Mr. BARRY.





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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FREDERICK II. ( <i>King of Prussia</i> ).....	MR. CHIPPENDALE.
COUNT LANISKA ( <i>his Aid-de-Camp, a Pole</i> ).....	MR. MANVERS.
ALBERT ( <i>a young Saxon student-at-law</i> ).....	MR. FREDERICKS.
KARL ( <i>a Hungarian, Packer to the Royal Factory</i> ).....	MR. C. E. HORN.
WEDGEWOOD ( <i>an English Merchant</i> ).....	MR. PLACIDE.
BARON ALTENBERG ( <i>Attorney-General</i> ).....	MR. BARRY.
JUDGE OF THE COURT.....	MR. CLARK.
HANS ( <i>an Innkeeper</i> ).....	MR. ANDREWS.
HAROLD ( <i>an old Sergeant of Grenadiers</i> ).....	MR. SEGUIN.
CORPORAL OF GRENADIERS ( <i>old man</i> ).....	MR. FISHER.
BURGOMASTER.....	MR. POVEY.
JAILOR OF THE CASTLE OF SPANDAU.....	MR. BELLAMY.
HERALD.....	MR. NELSON.
FIRST GENERAL.....	MR. KING.
SECOND GENERAL.....	MR. GALLOT.
<i>Staff-Officers, Officers of State, Workmen of the Factory, Citizens, Advocates,</i>	
<i>Jurymen, Grenadiers, Peasants, Travellers, Servants, &amp;c.</i>	
COUNTESS LANISKA.....	MRS. BARRY.
FREDERICA ( <i>her Daughter</i> ).....	MRS. KNIGHT.
SOPHIA MANSFIELD ( <i>the Saxon Maid</i> ).....	MRS. C. E. HORN.
GERTRUDE.....	MISS MARY TAYLOR.

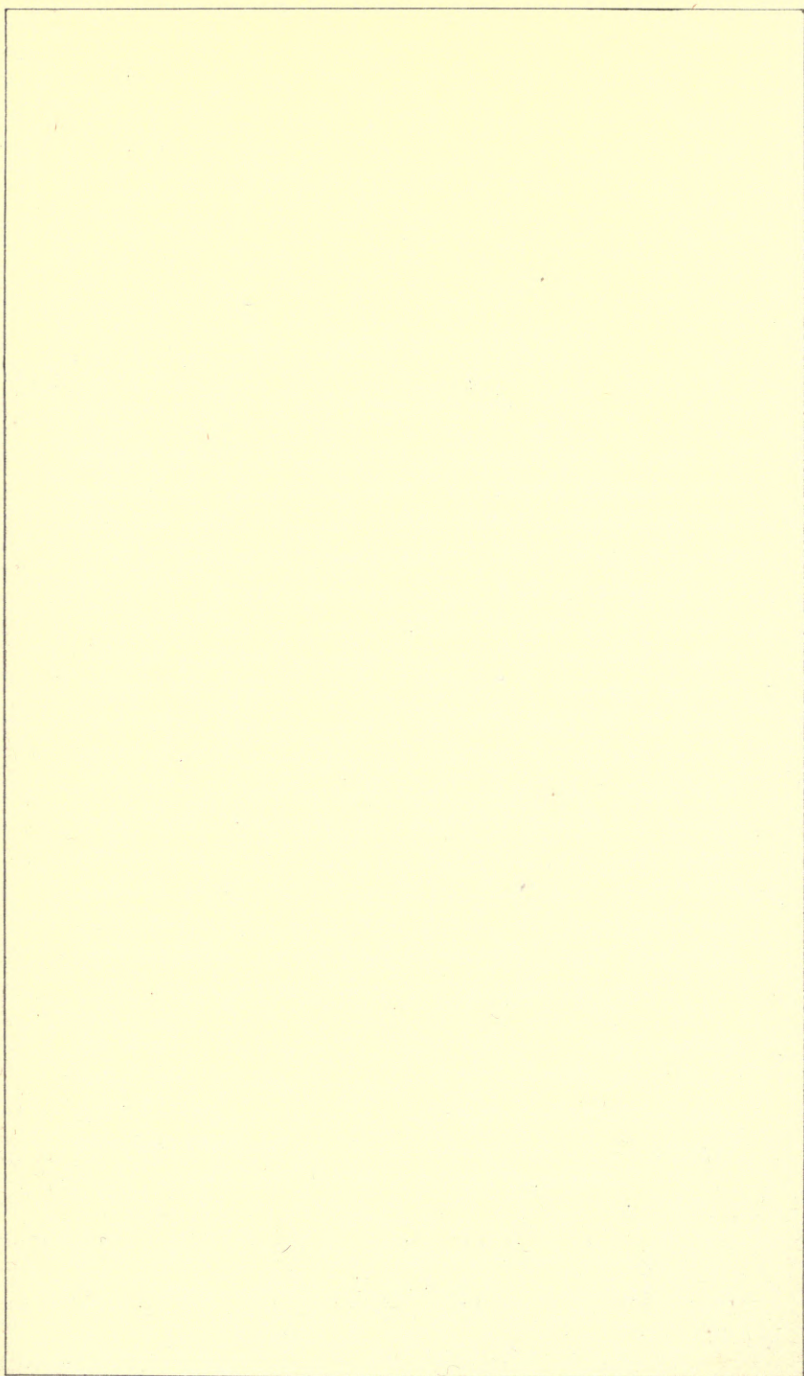
*Ladies of the Court, Factory-Girls, Peasants, &c.*

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SCENE—*Berlin and Potsdam.*

TIME—*Latter part of the reign of Frederick the Great.*







# THE MAID OF SAXONY.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Inside of a German Inn, on the road to Berlin. Fire and candles nearly extinguished. Clock in the corner, marking the hour of ten. HANS seated in an arm-chair, asleep. Music. The curtain rises to the opening symphony. HANS yawns in his sleep.*

*(Enter GERTRUDE.)*

GERTRUDE.

Ho! Hans!—Why, Hans!—You Hans, I say!  
Awake!—Here'll be the deuce to pay!  
For coming guests get fire and lights,  
And help me put the room to rights!

*(HANS stretches and yawns.)*

Hans!—I've no patience with the lout!

What, Hans, on earth are you about?

*(Shakes HANS, who yawns again.)*

Did ever room look so forlorn?

Hans!—Hark! I hear the postman's horn!

*(Sounds of a horn in the distance. HANS stretches, yawns,  
and rises.)*

HANS.

What der tuyvel is der matter,

Dus you chitter—chatter—clatter?

GERTRUDE *(aside.)*

His impudence cannot be borne!

HANS.

What's dat I hear?

GERTRUDE.

The postman's horn!

*(Sounds of horn again.)*

Whose notes o'er moor and mountain flung—

HANS.

Are not so noisy as your tongue!

*(Horn sounds as though approaching; whips are heard,  
and the post-coach is supposed to arrive outside with  
Passengers. Enter the Attendants, with portmanteaus,  
carpet-bags, &c., and Passengers.)*

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! we're safe and sound,

And shelter for the night have found,

Within this snug abode!



The dust may rise, the rain may fall —  
Beneath this roof we'll smile at all  
The dangers of the road!

SOLO.

Then let the cheerful board be spread;  
To supper first, and then to bed,  
Till birds their songs begin:  
Thus, whether sleeping or awake,  
The weary traveller will take  
His comfort at his inn.

CHORUS.

Rejoice! rejoice! we're safe, &c.

[*Exit Passengers and Attendants.*]

GERTRUDE.

Where in the world are all these people going to, Hans?

HANS.

To Berlin, to shee der troops. Frederick musters dem  
to-morrow at der capital. But why don't you attend to  
der guests?

GERTRUDE.

Why don't *you*? You are not fit to keep an inn, Hans.

HANS.

I was not prought up to it; mine pishiness was to keep  
a paint-shop, and shell der colours to der artists.

GERTRUDE.

Don't stand here chattering about your fine colours —  
but look to the guests —



HANS.

Yaw, yaw, mein fraulein.

ALBERT (*without.*)

Ho! landlord!—Waiters, look to our luggage!

WEDGEWOOD (*speaking as he enters.*)

If it is convenient.

(*Enter ALBERT and WEDGEWOOD in cloaks, briskly.*)

GERTRUDE.

This way, gentlemen, this way.

ALBERT.

Two bed-chambers, landlord, as soon as possible.

HANS.

Yaw, mynheer.

(*Gives directions to Attendant, who exits.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

Landlady, take care of my coat and stick, and here's something for your pains.

GERTRUDE.

Yes, sir.

WEDGEWOOD (*looking at her.*)

What a pretty girl!

GERTRUDE.

Is that *all*, sir?

WEDGEWOOD (*aside to GERTRUDE.*)

No, that's not *all*. (*Kisses her.*) Take this into the bargain, you jade!

GERTRUDE (*courtesies.*)

Thank you, sir. (*Aside.*) What a nice, queer old gentleman!

HANS (*taking her away passionately.*)

What's dat to you? Give me der tings (*takes them.*)  
You do noding but ogle mit der young folks, and flirt mit der old ones!

GERTRUDE.

Oh, you jealous brute! [*Exit in a huff.*]

WEDGEWOOD (*noticing her.*)

Nice girl that—*odd*, too, that she should have married a man old enough to be her grandfather!

HANS (*aside.*)

Dat queer chap in der brown vig I'm sure is a gay deceiver, or he would not admire mine vife so much. I must have mine eyes about me. [*Exit.*]

WEDGEWOOD (*noticing HANS and GERTRUDE.*)

Odd, very odd, *very odd* indeed! But now that we are alone, pray continue the narrative you commenced in the coach—if it is convenient.

ALBERT.

Right willingly. Frederick, after his conquest of Saxony, transported by force several manufacturers from Dresden to Berlin, where he has established a Porcelain-Factory—

WEDGEWOOD.

Separated from their friends, home, and country, these

unfortunate people are compelled to continue their labours for the profit and glory of their conqueror—I know it—go on—

ALBERT.

Among those in bondage is Sophia Mansfield—

WEDGEWOOD.

I have heard of her:—a young, beautiful and singularly-gifted girl—

ALBERT.

Several pieces of her design and modelling were shown to the king, when he was at Meissen, in Saxony; and he was so struck with their beauty, that he determined to convey the artist, with other prisoners, to his capital—

WEDGEWOOD.

Where he issued his royal edict, compelling the girls of the factory to marry Prussian soldiers. Unfeeling odd!

ALBERT.

Sophia has yet escaped this tyranny. The *overseer*, however, has demanded her hand; but I shall be in time to thwart his purposes.

WEDGEWOOD.

But, to effect that, you must also thwart the purposes of Frederick himself, who, I understand, is as stubborn as he is bold.

ALBERT.

Count Laniska has won Sophia's affections, and love is a power that cannot be controlled.



WEDGEWOOD.

Veritably odd!

ALBERT.

You are on your way to the factory—have you free admission for yourself and friends?

WEDGEWOOD.

Indubitably.

ALBERT.

Then we will, with your permission, visit it together. (*Aside.*) In this disguise, and under the name of Worendorf, I may pass unnoticed.

(*Re-enter HANS, with trunks, &c., and GERTRUDE.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

It is growing late. After the fatigues of the journey, I need repose.

ALBERT.

And so do I. Good-night!

WEDGEWOOD.

Good-night! [*Exit ALBERT; GERTRUDE takes a lighted candle from the table, and shows the way; WEDGEWOOD takes a light.*] Do you rise early, friend?

HANS.

No, mynheer; but mine vife does—

WEDGEWOOD.

Then tell your wife to knock at my door early in the morning.

---

HANS (*eying him and looking suspiciously.*)

So ho! I *smoke* you—

WEDGEWOOD.

Then keep farther off with your confounded pipe, you Dutch abomination!

HANS (*laying his finger on his nose.*)

And I schmells a rat.

WEDGEWOOD (*looking around.*)

The devil you do! Where?—

HANS.

So I vill knock at yourn door myself—

WEDGEWOOD.

If it is convenient. (*Exit HANS.*) A pretty house I have got into!—Smokes me!—smells a rat!—The *filthy* Dutchman! [*Exit.*]

---

SCENE II.

*An open cut wood near Berlin. Tents in the distance.*

*A military outpost. Enter HAROLD, Corporal and a party of Soldiers, in military undress.*

SONG.

The life for me is a soldier's life!

With that what glories come!

The notes of the spirit-stirring fife,

The roll of the battle-drum;



The brilliant array, the bearing high,  
The pluméd warriors' tramp;  
The streaming banners that flout the sky,  
The gleaming pomp of the camp.

CHORUS.

A soldier's life is the life for me!  
With that what glories come!  
The notes of the spirit-stirring fife,  
The roll of the battle-drum!

HAROLD.

So, corporal, at last we are to have a muster of the combined forces of the kingdom.

CORPORAL.

Yes, the king is never so happy as when he has all his children, as he calls *us*, about him.

HAROLD.

And plaguy good care he takes of his *children*! He looks after our domestic as well as our public interests! It was a strange whim in old Fritz to offer each of his soldiers one of the factory-girls for a wife!

CORPORAL.

I wonder the old hero does not marry some of them himself.

HAROLD.

He would rather look after his soldiers than meddle with the fancies of the women—and at his age too!



---

CORPORAL.

Nonsense! The king is a boy—a mere boy—of seventy! But he does meddle with the women sometimes.

HAROLD.

Say you so?

CORPORAL.

Ay, and old ones too. It was but the other day that he pensioned a poor widow, whose only son fell in a skirmish at his side. Heaven bless his old cocked hat!

HAROLD.

Yet is it not singular that one so mindful of the rights of old women should compel the young ones to toil as they do in the factory?

CORPORAL.

Tush, tush, man!—that's none of your concern, nor mine. What have we to do with state affairs?

HAROLD.

Right, corporal; and it's not worth while for us to trouble our heads about other people's business.

CORPORAL.

You're a sensible fellow—

HAROLD.

Right again; and I would return the compliment if you did not wear such a flashy watch-riband (*looks at it.*)

CORPORAL.

That's personal!

HAROLD.

I mean it to be so. What the devil do you wear it for?

CORPORAL.

To gratify a whim. I like this riband. It was a present from an old sweetheart of mine. Look what a jaunty air it gives one!—and where's the harm of keeping up appearances?—

HAROLD.

What silly vanity! But let me give you a piece of advice: beware of the scrutiny of the king—he has an eye like a hawk, old as he is; and if he should happen to spy your watch-riband—

CORPORAL.

Pooh, pooh! he would not notice such a trifle.—But who comes yonder? That Hungarian Karl. Let's make way for him.—He's a fellow I don't fancy. What a man to woo and win Sophia Mansfield!

HAROLD.

He'll never win her, woo her as he may. Count Lanská will look to that.

[HAROLD, Corporal *and party retire into tents.*

(*Enter KARL, in great agitation.*)



## SONG — KARL.

Confusion!—Again rejected  
By the maid I fondly love!  
Illusion!—In soul dejected!  
Jealous fears my bosom move.  
Dear Sophia!—Hope's deceiver!  
Whom I love; but love in vain!  
Can I to my rival leave her?—  
No—the thought distracts my brain!  
  
Love—revenge!—Oh, how I falter!  
Passion's throes unman me quite:  
Now he leads her to the altar—  
How I tremble at the sight!  
Hold, tormentors! cease to tear me!  
All in vain I gasp for breath!  
Hated rival—scorn I bear thee  
Which can only end in death!

(HAROLD *advances.*)

HAROLD.

Karl, what ails you?

KARL (*aside.*)

Observed! (*To HAROLD.*) An infirmity I've had from  
my youth upward. I shall be better presently.

HAROLD.

You tremble like one with the ague!



KARL.

We Hungarians have not your tough constitution, comrade: besides, the weather is chilly—it freezes me to the bone.

HAROLD.

It's the weather within, Karl. Repair to the factory, and sun yourself in the bright eyes of Sophia Mansfield! That will warm you, especially if Count Laniska happens to be by to stir up the fire of your jealousy—eh?

KARL.

You have a sharp wit, which I lack, comrade.

HAROLD (*sarcastically*.)

And I've another thing which you lack—*comrade*.

KARL.

What may that be?

HAROLD.

A clear conscience, my old boy!

[*Exit HAROLD into tent.*]

KARL.

Does he suspect? No—sleeping and waking I have concealed this (*his arm*) damning evidence of my guilt. The mark of Cain I bear about me is known to none, and the secret dies with me.—For that young Pole, Sophia scorns me; but let him beware!—My revenge, though slow, is sure!

(*KARL turns to go; but perceiving Count LANISKA advancing, he retires into a tent. Enter LANISKA, who notices KARL in the distance.*)

## SONG — LANISKA.

When I behold that lowering brow,  
Which indicates the mind within,  
I marvel much that woman's vow  
A man like that could ever win!  
Yet it is said, in rustic bower,  
(The fable I have often heard)  
A serpent has mysterious power  
To captivate a timid bird.

This precept then I sadly trace—  
That love's a fluttering thing of air;  
And yonder lurks the viper base,  
Who would my gentle bird ensnare!  
'Twas in the shades of Eden's bower  
This fascination had its birth,  
And even there possessed the power  
To lure the paragon of earth!

*(At the conclusion of the song, KARL is about to retire.)*

LANISKA addresses him.)

COUNT.

Come hither, Karl.

KARL.

I wait upon your leisure, count.

COUNT.

I would have some words with you.



KARL.

You may not relish the frankness of my manner.

COUNT.

Indeed!

KARL.

Look you, Count Laniska; I am a plain, blunt, straightforward, rough-spoken fellow, and a soldier like yourself. I know my rights; and knowing, will maintain them. It was by the king's permission and authority that I chose Sophia Mansfield for my bride—

COUNT.

She has rejected you.

KARL.

What has that to do with the matter? Women are often perverse, and not always the best judges of their own welfare; and you know she *must* be mine—

COUNT.

Must?—

KARL.

Yes, *must*. I have the king's promise, and Frederick was never known to break his word.

COUNT.

You surely would not marry her against her will?

KARL.

Why not? Sophia is the only woman I ever loved: and now that I have her sure, think you I will resign her?



COUNT.

And think you the king will force an angel into the arms of a monster? He cannot be so great a tyrant—

KARL.

Tyrant!

COUNT.

Yes. Man was created to cherish woman, not to oppress her; and he is the worst of tyrants who would injure that sex whom Heaven ordains it his duty to protect.

KARL.

Apply you this to the king?

COUNT.

To the king, or to any he in Christendom, who would use his power to oppress the unfortunate! But come, sir, we will not dispute about a hasty word—we have higher duties to perform.

KARL.

True, count; we oppose our weapons to the enemies of our country, not the bosoms of our friends. I say *our* country; for, although you were born in Poland, and I in Hungary, Frederick has made Prussia almost as dear to us as our native land, *tyrant* though he may be.—But we will not quarrel about a single captive, when the king has placed so many at the disposal of those who fight his battles.

[*Trumpet sounds without.*

(Enter HAROLD with despatches.)

HAROLD (to COUNT.)

Despatches from the king. (*Aside.*) And a letter from Sophia Mansfield. [*Exit.*

(*The Count receives and examines despatches; kisses SOPHIA'S letter, and puts it into his bosom. KARL does not notice it.*)

DUET — COUNT AND KARL.

'Tis a soldier's rigid duty  
Orders strictly to obey;  
Let not, then, the smile of beauty  
Lure us from the camp away.  
In our country's cause united,  
Gallantly we'll take the field;  
But, the victory won, delighted  
Singly to the fair we yield!

Soldiers who have ne'er retreated,  
Beauty's tear will sure beguile;  
Hearts that armies ne'er defeated,  
Love can conquer with a smile.  
Who would strive to live in story,  
Did not woman's hand prepare  
Amaranthine wreaths of glory  
Which the valiant proudly wear!

[*Exit the Count. KARL follows, menacing him.*



## SCENE III.

*An apartment in the Château of the Countess. Enter the Countess and FREDERICA.*

COUNTESS.

Your morning ride, Frederica, was full of romance—the horse of your groom, you say, took fright—

FREDERICA.

Yes, dear mother, and darted off at a racing pace; my own also became unmanageable, and I lost my presence of mind. I should have been thrown, if not killed, had not a gentleman rushed to my assistance.

COUNTESS.

Who was he?

FREDERICA.

I do not know.

COUNTESS.

Was he alone?

FREDERICA.

There was an elderly person with him, who seemed to be a foreigner.

COUNTESS.

But *he* was young, of course?

FREDERICA.

Yes, mother, and handsome as an Adonis.



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COUNTESS.

You have not fallen in love with this stranger, surely?  
You are not old enough, and this is only your first season, Frederica.

FREDERICA.

Love has all seasons for his own, dear mother. Listen!

SONG\* — FREDERICA.

The spring-time of love is both happy and gay,  
For Joy sprinkles blossoms and balm in our way;  
The sky, earth and ocean in beauty repose,  
And all the bright future is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love is the bloom of the heart,  
When hill, grove and valley their music impart;  
And the pure glow of heaven is seen in fond eyes,  
As lakes show the rainbow that's hung in the skies!

The autumn of love is the season of cheer—  
Life's mild Indian summer, the smile of the year—  
Which comes when the golden-ripe harvest is stored,  
And yields its own blessings, repose and reward.

The winter of love is the beam that we win,  
While the storm howls without, from the sunshine within.  
Love's reign is eternal—the heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons of life for his own.

\* This song was not written for the opera; but was introduced by the composer

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COUNTESS.

Silly, thoughtless girl! — What strangers are these coming up the avenue?

FREDERICA (*looking out.*)

As I live, the elderly person I told you of, and the young gentleman who risked his life to save mine!

(*Enter WEDGEWOOD and ALBERT.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

Have I the honour of addressing the Countess Laniska?  
(*Aside.*) Flounces, frills, filagrees and furbelows, but she's superlatively odd!

COUNTESS.

I am the countess, sir.

WEDGEWOOD (*presenting letters.*)

Will your ladyship be pleased to receive these letters of introduction — if quite convenient?

COUNTESS (*receiving letters, and looking at them.*)

Mr. Wedgewood, from Esturia and London; and —

WEDGEWOOD (*introducing ALBERT.*)

Mr. Albert Wörrendorf.

COUNTESS (*introducing FREDERICA.*)

My daughter Frederica.

ALBERT (*aside.*)

The angel we met by accident this morning!

WEDGEWOOD (*aside.*)

Seraphically odd!

FREDERICA (*to ALBERT.*)

We have seen each other before, Mr. Worrendorf.

ALBERT.

To my great happiness, madam.

(*ALBERT and FREDERICA converse apart.*)

COUNTESS (*to WEDGEWOOD.*)

It was very kind in my correspondent, Mr. Wedgewood, to introduce a gentleman of your celebrity to my château.

WEDGEWOOD.

You do me honour, madam. We Englishmen are plain-spoken people. We are not unlike our earthenware—delf and common clay mixed together. If our outsides are sometimes rough, all within is smooth and polished as the best of work. It is the purest spirit, which, like the finest china, lets the light shine through it. (*Aside.*) Not a bad compliment to myself, and metaphorically odd!

COUNTESS.

Your reply reminds me of the object of your visit. The Prussians are very proud of the manufactory which has claimed the attention of the king.

WEDGEWOOD.

Oh, how I long to see the great Frederick!

COUNTESS.

You will like him, I am confident.



---

WEDGEWOOD.

I don't know that. I don't at all fancy his edict.—What! marry a parcel of handsome, innocent, industrious girls to his great whiskered horse-guards, whether they will or no? It's a piece of moral turpitude—an insult to common sense—and infamously odd—

FREDERICA (*advancing.*)

Have a care, Mr. Wedgewood—have a care how you talk about the king. He possesses a sort of magical ubiquity—and is here, there and everywhere at the same moment.

WEDGEWOOD.

How does he manage that?

FREDERICA.

He wanders about in secrecy and disguise—enters all kinds of mansions—and often overhears conversations that were never intended for the court. By this means, it is said, he gathers information from every nook and corner of his kingdom.

WEDGEWOOD.

Strange kind of hocus-pocus work for a monarch!—Peripatetically odd!

ALBERT.

I have been told that he knows more of the character and condition of his subjects and soldiers than they do themselves.

COUNTESS.

And he never knows of a wrong done among his people that he does not instantly redress—though it often puzzles them to learn how he arrives at his knowledge of the facts. Many think him a wizard.

WEDGEWOOD.

And not without reason, madam. Never before have I heard of such a compound of sagacity, courage and eccentricity. Oh, I am all in a glow to see and converse with the jolly old boy!

*(Enter Count LANISKA.)*

COUNTESS *(introducing him.)*

My son, the Count Laniska, will present you to his majesty.

WEDGEWOOD *(bowing to COUNT.)*

If it is convenient. *(Aside.)* Most martially and uniformly odd! *(To LANISKA.)* But, first, I should like to have a glimpse at the factory.

COUNT.

I shall be happy to show it to you. There is one extraordinary subject connected with it, that will surprise you both—a young girl of singular talent and beauty—

FREDERICA.

Ah, brother! upon your favourite theme again. That young girl occupies more of your thoughts than all the porcelain in these dominions.

ALBERT (*aside.*)

Poor Sophia!

FREDERICA (*observing that the Count looks thoughtful.*)

Why, what's the matter with you, brother?

WEDGEWOOD.

He is no doubt studying the mixture of different kinds of clay, and contriving a furnace that will not destroy it by too much heat. Ingeniously odd!

COUNT.

You are mistaken, sir. I was thinking at what time I should have the pleasure of waiting upon you.

WEDGEWOOD.

I will be at your service as soon as I have had time to adjust my outward and refresh my inward man.—Necessarily odd! (*Seeing the Countess about to retire.*) Madam, allow me (*takes her hand*)—If it is convenient.

[*Exit* WEDGEWOOD and Countess.]

FREDERICA (*to* COUNT.)

Now, brother, that the countess has retired, pray favour us with your confidence. You need not mind Mr. Worrendorf—I have told him all about Sophia Mansfield.—I love that poor girl myself, not less for her misfortunes than her genius.

ALBERT.

I love her too—



FREDERICA (*aside.*)

Oh, dear! what's the matter with me? My head turns round—I am ready to drop!

COUNT (*with emotion.*)

You love her! Wherefore?

ALBERT.

She is my countrywoman, and for that I love her.

FREDERICA (*recovering.*)

Well, gentlemen, I must say this is very ungallant in you both to be praising one lady so highly when there is another in the room. (*Aside.*) Oh, dear me, how near I came betraying myself!

ALBERT.

Your pardon, my dear madam. When I look at you, I almost forget there is another woman in the world. (*Kisses FREDERICA's hand, who turns away in evident confusion.*)—But for the present I must leave you, to join Mr. Wedgewood. [*Exit.*]

COUNT (*noticing them.*)

(*Aside.*) So, so, Frederica—fairly caught, I perceive! (*To FREDERICA.*) Ah, sister, sister! as in all things else, there is a destiny in love.

DUET—LANISKA AND FREDERICA.

From my fate there's no retreating—

Love commands, and I obey;

How with joy my heart is beating

At the fortunes of to-day!

Life is filled with strange romances —  
Love is blind, the poets say ;  
When he comes unsought, the chance is  
Of his own accord he'll stay.

Love can ne'er be forced to tarry ;  
Chain him—he'll the bonds remove :  
Paired, not matched, too many marry—  
All should wed alone for love.  
Let him on the bridal-even  
Trim his lamp with constant ray ;  
And the flame will light to heaven,  
When the world shall fade away !

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.

*The whole depth of the stage is made use of in this scene, which represents an open country. A Camp and Soldiers at a distance. Music. Enter HANS, GERTRUDE and Peasantry : Lads and Lasses dancing.*

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Lads and lasses, trip away  
To the cheerful roundelay !  
At the sound of tambourine,  
Care is banished from the scene,

And a happy train we bound,  
To the pipe and tabour's sound.  
Merrily, merrily, trip away,  
'Tis a nation's holiday!  
Merrily, merrily, merrilie,  
Bound with spirits light and free!  
Let's be jocund while we may;  
And dance—dance—dance—  
And dance the happy hours away!

When the gleaming line shall come,  
To the sound of trump and drum;  
Headed by advancing steeds,  
Whom the king in person leads—  
Let us hail him in his state,  
For the king's both good and great!  
Merrily, merrily, trip away,  
'Tis a nation's holiday!  
Merrily, merrily, merrilie,  
Bound with spirits light and free!  
Let's be jocund now we may,  
And dance—dance—dance—  
And dance the happy hours away!

*(Immediately after chorus, a grand march is commenced in the distance, which becomes more and more distinct as the troops advance. The Peasants form in groups. HANS speaks during the first part of the march.)*



HANS.

Here we are, Gertrude, many miles from our own village—and all for vat? To please you—(*aside*) and to shell a few colours to der artishes, vich I bring along mit me for der purpose: but I need not tell her dat.—Here, stand aside, and don't be looking after de sholders!

(*GERTRUDE and HANS stand aside. Grand march. Enter a corps of Grenadiers and other troops, who form on the right of the stage. Roll of drums. The troops present arms. Enter FREDERICK, in a furious passion, followed by general and staff Officers, and Count LANISKA. The King acknowledges the salute, lifts his hat, and puts it on again furiously. HAROLD and Corporal are in the ranks of the Grenadiers. Throughout the scene the King speaks hurriedly.*)

KING.

General!

FIRST GENERAL.

Your Majesty.

KING.

How comes it there is such a lack of discipline in your division? Disband *that* regiment at once, and draft a few of the men from the right wing into other regiments ordered for immediate service! The sooner *they* are shot the better!

FIRST GENERAL.

Yes, sire.

[*Exit.*]

---

KING.

Generals—most of you have served the greater part of your lives with me. We have grown gray-headed in the service of our country, and we therefore know best ourselves the dangers, difficulties and glory in which we have shared. While we maintain the discipline of the army, we may defy any power that Europe can march against us—relax that, and we become an easy prey to the spoiler.

SECOND GENERAL.

Your majesty shall have no cause of complaint in future.

KING.

Make sure of that!—Soldiers, I rely in my operations entirely upon your well-known zeal in my service, and I shall acknowledge it with gratitude as long as I live; but at the same time I require of you that you look upon it as your most sacred duty to show kindness and mercy to all prisoners that the fortunes of war may throw in your power.

SECOND GENERAL.

That duty, sire, you have taught us all our lives.

KING (*taking snuff.*)

Good!—Have any of my grenadiers anything to say to me before the parade is dismissed?

HAROLD (*recovering arms.*)

Your Majesty!

KING.

Speak out, Harold.

HAROLD.

The grenadiers have noticed with deep regret that you fatigue yourself of late too much with the cares of the army. We protest against it—

KING.

Zounds and fury!—Here's rebellion! *You* protest against it?

HAROLD (*bluntly*.)

We do. You are getting to be an old man—a very old man—and are too much afoot.

KING.

I can do as I like about it, I suppose?

HAROLD.

Certainly not; and you will, therefore, in future, be good enough to use your carriage more and your legs less.

KING.

What do the grenadiers *fear*?

HAROLD.

We fear nothing but the loss of your health, the loss of your life, or the loss of your favour, sire.

KING.

Don't you fear the loss of my temper at your bluntness—eh, old comrade?

HAROLD.

No, sire; we know you like it.







F R E D E R I C K .

KING.

I do indeed. You are in the right, my brave compatriots—for my advanced age and increasing infirmities admonish me that I shall be under the necessity of following your advice. But on the day of battle, you shall see me on horseback—on *horseback*—and in the thickest of the fight! (*Crosses the stage, as a Burgomaster enters, kneels and presents a petition.*) What have we here?

BURGOMASTER.

Sire—the common council has imprisoned a citizen, upon an accusation that he has sinned against heaven, the king, and the right worshipful the common council. We humbly beg to know what Your Majesty's pleasure is with regard to the punishment of so unparalleled and atrocious an offender?

KING.

If the prisoner has sinned against heaven, and is not a fool or a madman, he will make his peace with it without delay. That is a Power (*taking off his hat—all the characters make their obeisance*) that kings themselves must bow to in reverential awe. (*Resumes his hat.*)

BURGOMASTER.

But he has also sinned against your high and mighty majesty—

KING.

Tush, tush, man!



BURGOMASTER (*profoundly.*)

On my official veracity, sire!

KING.

Well, well, for that I pardon him—

BURGOMASTER.

And he has likewise sinned against the right worshipful the common council.

KING.

The reprobate!—

BURGOMASTER.

It is most veritable, Your Majesty—

KING.

Well, for that terrible and enormous offence, it becomes my solemn duty to make an example of so abominable a culprit, and to punish him in a most exemplary manner. Therefore—

BURGOMASTER.

Yes, Your Majesty—

KING.

Send him to the castle of Spandau, to be imprisoned—

BURGOMASTER.

Your Majesty—

KING.

For at least—

BURGOMASTER.

Sire—

KING.

Half an hour (Peasantry *laugh*;)—and afterward he is at liberty to go to the devil his own way; and the right worshipful the common council may go with him, if they like!

(*Exit Burgomaster. As he goes out, shrugging his shoulders, all the Peasantry laugh, until checked by a look from the King, who crosses the stage to the Grenadiers, and addresses the Corporal who has his watch-riband suspended.*)

KING.

Corporal! (*He advances and recovers arms.*)

CORPORAL.

Your Majesty!

KING.

I have often noticed you in the field. You are a brave soldier—and a prudent one too, to have saved enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch.

HAROLD (*aside to CORPORAL.*)

You remember what I told you about a hawk's eye.

CORPORAL.

Brave I flatter myself I am; but as to my watch, it is of little signification.

KING (*seizing and pulling out a bullet fastened to the Corporal's watch-riband.*)

Why, this is not a watch!—It's a bullet!

CORPORAL.

It's the only watch I have, Your Majesty; but I have not worn it entirely out of vanity—

KING.

What have you worn it for, then? It does not show you the time of day!

CORPORAL.

No; but it clearly shows me the death I am to die in Your Majesty's service.

KING.

Well said, my brave fellow! And that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve in which you *are* to die, I will give you my watch. Take it, and wear it for my sake, corporal. (*The King gives the Corporal his watch.*)

CORPORAL (*with emotion.*)

It will also teach me that at any moment Your Majesty may command my life.

HAROLD (*enthusiastically.*)

And the lives of us all! Long live the king!  
(*Flourish of drums. The King acknowledges the salute.*)

KING (*to Grenadiers.*)

You, my brave fellows, are my own guards. I can rely upon *you*. There is no want of discipline here—eh, General? Notwithstanding all my annoyances, I am the happiest king in Christendom!



## CHORUS.

(Grenadiers *and all the* Characters.)

All hail the king!—Long live the king!

Our hope in peace and war!

With his renown let Prussia ring!—

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

He is the pillar of the state!

Our sword and buckler he!

Heaven give to Frederick the Great

Eternal victory!

(*The Grenadiers cheer. The Officers close about the King. Flourish and tableau. The act-drop descends on the picture.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Discovered. The stage represents a large apartment without the usual side-entrances. On the left hand is a row of long, old-fashioned windows, with painting-screens so arranged as to let the light fall obliquely on the tables beneath; at which the Factory-Girls are seated, employed in painting various articles of porcelain. SOPHIA MANSFIELD is seated at the table nearest the audience. On the right are separate tables, at which Girls are employed mixing and grinding colours. In the centre of the stage is a small platform, on which a number of painted vases, ready for the oven, are placed. KARL is engaged in examining them. At the rear of the stage is the entrance to the room—a large, open door—on each side of which are rows of shelves, filled with vases, bowls, plates, jars, mantel-ornaments and the like, put there to dry. The whole representing the painting-room of the Royal Porcelain-Factory. Through the doors the furnaces are seen, on which the porcelain is placed to set the col-*



SOPHIA MANSFIELD.





*ours, and which several Workmen are attending. The curtain rises slowly to the music.*

CHORUS.

*(German air.)*

Home, home, home—

Dear, lost home!

Though here we pine in slavery,

Our hearts are all in Saxony,

Our girlhood's happy home!

Land of the free and bold,

To hopeless bondage sold!

While abject toil and fear

Enchain thy daughters here,

We yearn for thee,

O Saxony!—

For freedom, love and home!

*(The Girls attempt to waltz to the music; but, overcome by their feelings, they resume their tasks.)*

SOLO—SOPHIA.

Home, home, home—

Dear, lost home!

Though cares oppress us fearfully,

We exiles carol cheerfully

Of girlhood's happy home!

Beneath our native sky  
The hours went swiftly by ;  
While on a foreign soil,  
Our youth consumes in toil !

We yearn for thee,

O Saxony !—

For freedom, love and home !

*(The Girls attempt to waltz, as before, &c.)*

CHORUS.

Home, home, home, &c.

*(The Workmen and the Girls resume their tasks.)*

*(Enter Count LANISKA, ALBERT, and WEDGEWOOD.)*

WEDGEWOOD *(looking around, and speaking enthusiastically as he enters.)*

Admirable, upon my word ! Every department better than the last, and this the best of all ! Never saw anything like it. The colours brilliant—the designs exquisitely classical—“a place for everything, and everything in its place !”

COUNT.

Whatever His Majesty constructs, whether a fortress or a factory, is perfect in all its details.

WEDGEWOOD.

Yet look around you, and read your monarch's history in the eyes of these prisoners of war. Observe that picture of melancholy *(pointing to SOPHIA, who, during the*



*scene, has been leaning dejectedly on her hand—KARL standing by her side.)* How reluctantly she pursues her task! Our English manufacturers work in quite another manner, for they are free!

KARL.

And are free men or free women never indisposed?—or do you Englishmen blame your king whenever any of his subjects turn pale? The woman at whom you are looking is evidently ill.

WEDGEWOOD.

Then fie upon your inhumanity for making a poor, sick girl work when she seems scarcely able to hold up her head! (*Aside.*) I don't half like that fellow! Villanously odd.

ALBERT (*to SOPHIA.*)

My poor girl, what is the matter with you? The overseer says that since you came here, you have done nothing worthy of your pencil. Yet this charming piece (*pointing to an ornament of her painting*)—which was brought from Saxony, is of your design—is it not?

SOPHIA.

Yes, sir, it was my misfortune to paint it. If the king had never seen or liked it, I should now be—

ALBERT.

In Saxony; but forget that country, and you may be happy in this.

SOPHIA.

I cannot forget it!—I cannot forget everybody that I ever loved. Ask not a Saxon woman to forget her country!

ALBERT.

Whom do you love in Saxony now?

SOPHIA.

Whom do I *not* love in Saxony? I have a brother there, whom I have not seen since childhood. He was at college when I was carried off from the cottage in which we both were born. He is ignorant of my fate. (*She regards ALBERT with great attention, and examines his features minutely.*)

ALBERT.

Why do you gaze upon me so intently?

SOPHIA.

I know not why, sir; but you seemed even now a dear heart-cherished one, whom I have wished for long and anxiously.

ALBERT.

Think me that one and trust me.

SOPHIA.

I will—for there's a cherub nestling in my heart, which whispers, "You are here to save me!" (ALBERT leads her to her task, which she resumes in great dejection of spirits.)

WEDGEWOOD (*to* KARL).

Is that poor girl often thus?

KARL.

She sits as you see her, like one stupified, half the day.

WEDGEWOOD.

The cause of this—if it is convenient?

KARL.

She has fallen to the lot of a soldier (*glancing at SOPHIA*)—who swears, if she delays another day *to marry him*, that he will complain to the king.

COUNT (*turning furiously upon* KARL.)

Wretch! (*seizes him.*)

KARL (*throwing him off.*)

This insult will cost you dear! Your scorn for the king's commands—

COUNT (*scornfully.*)

I had forgotten. (*Releases him.*) You are a mere instrument in the hands of a tyrant!

KARL (*aside.*)

That word again!—

SOPHIA (*running between them, and throwing herself at the feet of* LANISKA.)

Save me! save me! You *can* save me! You are a powerful lord, and can speak to the king! Save me from this detested marriage!



KARL (*aside to SOPHIA.*)

Are you mad?

COUNT (*raising SOPHIA, who clings to him, and shrinks from KARL.*)

I will do so, or perish in the attempt!

KARL (*aside.*)

Ah! say you so? Then the king shall know *his* enemy and *mine*! [*Exit.*]

WEDGEWOOD (*noticing KARL go off.*)

Whew! There's mischief brewing! If that black-muzzled rascal is not hatching trouble for us all, I'll never trust my seven senses again! I wonder they permit such a bear to go at large in a garden like this—he'll root up flowers as well as weeds.—Dangerously odd!

(*Trumpet sounds without, and a buzz and hum as if of a distant crowd; the noise comes near the Factory.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

What's afoot now, I wonder?

ALBERT.

Some new freak, no doubt, of this eccentric monarch. (*Noises.*)

WEDGEWOOD (*looking out.*)

The town is all astir (*noise louder*)—humming and buzzing like a hive of bees! (*Noise, and distant shouts.*)

And yonder comes a fussy little burgomaster, with a proclamation, and a crowd of noisy citizens at his heels—odd!

[*Noise and shouts increase.*

(*SOPHIA and the other Girls and the Workmen leave their occupations, as if anxious to learn the cause of the uproar. When the buzzing, huzzaing and noise reach the Factory, loud sound of the trumpet.*)

BURGOMASTER (*without.*)

Make way there, good people—make way there for the royal herald! (*The Burgomaster bustles in with the Herald—the crowd following and surrounding him—noises.*) Stand back (*using his wand*)—stand back, you idle, ragged tatterdemalions, and pay all due reverence to the constituted authorities! (*laughter*)—for know all men by these presents (*very pompously*), that I represent the king! (*laughter.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

What a figure for the part! (*laughter.*)

BURGOMASTER (*smartly striking with his wand one who laughs louder than the rest.*)

Take that, and let it teach you better manners in future, you scarecrow!—Now draw near, good people, and be dumb! Lend me all your ears!—

WEDGEWOOD.

You have ears enough already for any two-legged animal—

BURGOMASTER.

While I, by virtue of my office as a magistrate, publish this important document! (*SOPHIA comes forward.*)

CITIZEN (*eagerly.*)

Now for it!

BURGOMASTER (*hitting him smartly over the head.*)

You will, will you?—Hish! This paper is big with information to the whole realm; but more especially to the daughters of Saxony. (*SOPHIA and the Girls of the Factory, by looks and actions, evince great interest in the reading of the paper.*)

BURGOMASTER.

Hish! (*To Herald.*) Now proceed in regular order, and according to ancient form and usage, to read the royal proclamation!—Hish! (*Hands paper to Herald.*)

HERALD (*reads.*)

“*By the grace of God, we, Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, hereby make known that we will give freedom—*”

SOPHIA (*eagerly aside.*)

Freedom? (*Listens with anxiety.*)

HERALD.

“*And a reward of five hundred crowns to the Artist who shall produce the most beautifully-designed and highly-finished enamelled porcelain vase of Berlin china; and permit her to marry whomsoever she shall think proper.*”



SOPHIA (*aside and joyfully.*)

Hear I aright? (*The Girls of the Factory show great joy at this.*)

HERALD.

"*The Artist's name shall be inscribed upon the vase, which shall be called 'The Prussian Vase.'*"

SOPHIA (*aside.*)

Oh, happy, happy news!

HERALD.

"*Signed at the Sans Souci—*

"BY THE KING."

OMNES.

Hu—z—z—a—a—h—a—a—a—a! (*Amid the shouts and general joy of the Girls, the Burgomaster bustles out, using his wand frequently, and speaking all the while; the Herald following, and the Citizens buzzing and huzzaing as before.*) Silence, you nondescript villains!— Silence, I say! You stun me with your uproar! (*Loud shout.—Passionately.*) Oh, shut your ugly mugs! (*Strikes them.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

Mugs! I like that. He's in the crockery-trade, like myself.

SOPHIA (*with joy.*)

This proclamation has animated me with new life and energy. I feel like one inspired!

---

COUNT.

What mean you?

SOPHIA.

To become a competitor for the prize.

ALBERT.

You will have many opponents.

SOPHIA.

I heed them not.

WEDGEWOOD.

All will be zeal throughout the manufactory.

SOPHIA.

So much the greater need for my perseverance.

ALBERT.

Some will be excited with the hope of gaining their liberty.

SOPHIA.

Oh, blessed hope!

WEDGEWOOD.

Some stimulated by the crowns.—Not at all odd.—  
It would be odd if they were not!

SOPHIA.

But none have so strong a motive for exertion as I have.

COUNT (*with enthusiasm.*)

Nobly resolved! I will assist you with every faculty I possess.



ALBERT (*with the same feeling.*)

And I!

WEDGEWOOD (*with the same.*)

And all!—If it is convenient.

SOPHIA (*joyfully.*)

Then doubt not my success. (*Exit LANISKA, ALBERT and WEDGEWOOD.*) Oh, how my heart bounds with the thoughts of once more seeing Saxony! Its mountains, torrents, vineyards, are all before me now! And then our native songs!—They steal into my heart and melt it.

SONG AND CHORUS.

(*German air.*)

SOPHIA AND FACTORY-GIRLS.

Sky, stream, moorland and mountain,

Tree, cot, spire and dome,

Breeze, bird, vineyard and fountain,

Kindred, friends, country and home!—

Home, home, home, home!—

These are the blessings of home!

(*The Factory-Girls now waltz cheerfully to the music.*)

Hope how fondly I cherish,

Dear land, to see thee once more!

O Fate! let me not perish

Far from my own native shore!



Home, home, home, home!—  
Saxony, Liberty's home!  
(*The Girls waltz as before, &c.*)

Those who freedom inherit,  
Bow not to Tyranny's throne;  
Then, friends, in a kind spirit,  
Judge of my love by your own.  
Home, home, home, home!—  
The land of the heart is our home!

(*They all waltz with great spirit until the scene closes.*)

---

SCENE II.

*A Street in Berlin. Enter FREDERICK in a cloak—KARL following.*

KING.

Those who have the command of motives, and know their power, have also the command of all that the arts, or what is called a genius for the arts, can produce. The human mind and human ingenuity are much the same in Italy, England and Prussia. Then why should not we have a Prussian as well as a Wedgewood or a Barbarini vase? We shall see. I do not understand *mon métier de roi*, if I cannot call forth talents where I

know them to exist. (*To KARL.*) And so the count denounced me for a tyrant, did he, Karl?

KARL.

He did, Your Majesty.

KING.

He's a mere stripling; and I permit boys and fools to speak of me as they list. But I am no tyrant, Karl! He might have spared me that. (*Musingly.*) Tyrant!—

KARL (*aside.*)

It rankles deeply.

KING (*recovering from his meditation.*)

Youth and inexperience—to say nothing of love—pshaw!—which is the root of all folly—shall be his apology this time: but let him beware how he offends again—

KARL (*aside.*)

It moves him as I intended.

KING.

No, I am no tyrant. I should not be branded with such a title!

KARL (*startled.*)

Branded, Your Majesty?

KING.

What has happened, Karl? You are as pale as ashes! What mystery is here? I am to be trusted.

---

KARL.

Your Majesty was ever kind; and if I might—

KING.

Might! You may. Speak freely to your sovereign—  
your friend—and tell me what it is that weighs upon  
your mind.

SONG—KARL.

Dared these lips my sad story impart,  
What relief it would give to my heart!  
Though the scenes of past years, as they rise,  
Bring the dews of remorse to my eyes,  
Yet, oh hear me, and ever conceal  
What in agony now I reveal!—

KING.

Speak freely, Karl—

KARL.

And behold, while I throw off the mask!

Ah, no, no, no, no, no—

I shrink in despair from the task!

In the page of my life there appears  
A sad passage that's written in tears!  
Could but that be erased, I would give  
All the remnant of days I may live:  
Yet the cause of the cloud on my brow  
I have never disclosed until now—



KING.

Say on, Karl—

KARL.

Here behold!—It is branded in flame!

Ah, no, no, no, no, no—

I shrink in despair from my shame!

[KARL *rushes out.*

KING.

There is a mystery about that fellow that I cannot understand.—Whom have we here? Oh, the English traveller who is in such a good humour with my manufactory, and who has such strange notions respecting me. Good—good! [*Draws his cloak about him and retires.*

(*Enter WEDGEWOOD.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

I begin to perceive that I shall get into some confounded scrape if I stay here much longer, and so will my young friend Mr. Worrendorf, who has made me his confidant: but mum's the word! (*Seeing the King, who is in the act of taking snuff.*) Ah, use snuff, my old boy?—Odd!—Thank you for a pinch. (*Takes a pinch sans ceremonie, and without the King's consent. FREDERICK shuts the box angrily. WEDGEWOOD starts back in astonishment. —Aside.*) Wonder who the old-fashioned brown jug can be! I'll take him by the handle and pour him out, and see what's in him.

KING.

Like the snuff?

WEDGEWOOD.

Yes (*snuffs*)—it's decent blackguard (*snuffs*)—quite decent.

KING.

Taste it again.

WEDGEWOOD.

Don't care if I do. (*Helps himself.*)

KING.

Perhaps you will also do me the favour to accept the box?

WEDGEWOOD (*taking the box.*)

If it is convenient. What am I to infer from this?

KING.

That you and I cannot take snuff out of the same box. *My* box is not large enough for two.

WEDGEWOOD (*astonished.*)

You don't say so! "Not large enough for two"?—(*Looks at the box.*) Damn me if I don't think it large enough for a dozen, unless they took snuff with a shovel! (*Aside.*) Who in the name of all that's magnanimous can this old three-cornered cocked-hatted cockolorum be?

KING.

You were overheard to say but now that you would like to see the king?

---

WEDGEWOOD.

Overheard? (*Aside.*) Ah, that's the way they do everything here. A man can't sneeze without some one of the four winds of heaven reporting it to His Majesty! There is no such thing as a secret in the whole kingdom! How do the women get along, I wonder? (*To FREDERICK.*) "Like to see the king?" Certainly I should.

KING.

That box will procure you an audience. Present it at the palace.

WEDGEWOOD.

Look you here, my jolly old cock, none of your jokes—none of your tricks upon travellers, if you please. What do you mean?

KING.

That I am appreciated at court.

WEDGEWOOD (*aside.*)

Oh, there's no standing this! (*To FREDERICK.*) Do you intend to say that you are personally acquainted with Frederick the Great?

KING.

I know him, I believe, better than any subject in his realm. He is my most intimate friend.

WEDGEWOOD.

Well, then, if that be the case, all that I have to say is, that he is not over and above nice in the choice of his companions.—What an odd old file!



KING (*angrily.*)

Look you here, Mr. Wedgewood—

WEDGEWOOD (*stammering.*)

We-d-g-e-w-o-o-d!—

KING.

Yes—I know you well enough. You are an Englishman by birth—a crockery-merchant by trade—a gentleman from inclination—and an odd sort of character from habit. Without knowing anything more about it than the man in the moon, you have condemned the policy of the king, who is aware of all you have said and done since your arrival in Prussia.

WEDGEWOOD (*alarmed.*)

Oh, I'll get out of this infernal country as fast as my legs can carry me! The king is all ears, like a field of corn; and all eyes, like a potato-patch!

KING.

What alarms you?

WEDGEWOOD.

Everything. It's all over with me! I'm an earthen teapot with the spout knocked off!—Suspiciously odd!

KING.

You, sir, like too many others, are entirely mistaken in the character of Frederick. You will understand him better when we meet again (*going.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

But, before you go, pray receive your box again!—(*the King looks at him sternly*—WEDGEWOOD *greatly alarmed*)  
—If—it—is—convenient!

KING.

Not now. When next we confer, remember me.—  
Farewell! [*Exit.*]

WEDGEWOOD.

Remember you? I think I shall. Once seen, never  
forgotten. What a deep old screw!

(*Enter HAROLD.*)

HAROLD.

The king commands your presence at the château of  
the countess.

WEDGEWOOD.

The devil he does! (*Looks at the box.*) What's here?  
As I live, the royal arms! (*Conceals the box from HAR-*  
*OLD.*) Oh, the thing's plain enough. That fellow has  
stolen this box; and, for fear of being found out, he has  
put it off on me! It's all up!—I've been bamboozled  
by that nefarious old monster of iniquity! But I'll after  
him straight, and have him *jugged*. If I don't, they'll  
make no bones of *jugging* me!—If it is convenient.

[*Exit in a flurry.*]

HAROLD.

How he trembles! He's frightened out of his senses!

---

—Fear? What is it? A word not to be found in the articles of war—a soldier's only vocabulary.

SONG—HAROLD.

Fiery Mars, thy votary hear!

Weave for me a wreath of glory!

When I rest upon my bier,

Let my memory live in story!

Aid my sword in time of war!—

In my country's cause I wield it—

Only with the breath I draw,

Will I to the foeman yield it!

[*Exit.*]

---

SCENE III.

SOPHIA MANSFIELD's *apartments in the Porcelain-Factory.*

*Enter SOPHIA.*

SOPHIA.

'Tis done. My vase is finished, and in the possession of the overseer. How is it with me? Although my fortunes are suspended by a single thread, an unaccustomed buoyancy pervades my bosom. Are these emotions precursors of victory, or has the love of Laniska given me a new existence, and tinged the world once more with hues of paradise? How new and fresh and strange are



all things here about my heart! This is his gift—a simple flower! He said it is an emblem of love. It is not so. Love does not perish thus!—Love cannot be a flower.

## SONG — SOPHIA.

Ah! Love is not a garden-flower,  
That shoots from out the cultured earth;  
That needs the sunbeam and the shower,  
Before it wakens into birth:  
It owns a richer soil and seed,  
And woman's heart supplies them both,  
Where it will spring, without a weed,  
Consummate in its growth.

These leaves will perish when away  
From either genial sun or shower;  
Not so will wither and decay  
Celestial Love's perennial flower.  
'Tis our companion countless miles,  
Through weal or wo in after-years;  
And though it flourishes in smiles,  
It blooms as fresh in tears!

(*Enter* FREDERICA.)

FREDERICA.

My dear Sophia, I am overjoyed to learn that you have completed your vase.

SOPHIA.

Thanks, dear madam. Is it true that the works of the different competitors are to be exhibited at the *fête* of the countess, and that the decision is to be there made?

FREDERICA.

It is—and the countess insists upon your being present.

SOPHIA.

I am an unknown girl, madam; and if I decline the invitation, I beseech you take it not amiss.

FREDERICA.

But I will take it amiss, and so will the count and countess, whose messenger I am, and who insisted upon my bringing you to the château at once.

SOPHIA.

Well, madam, since you will have it so—

FREDERICA.

Oh, you'll be delighted. Only think of the concentrated attractions of "*the court, the camp, the grove!*" Oh, they're too much for any mortal woman to withstand!

DUET—SOPHIA AND FREDERICA.

The king, the princes of the court,  
With lords and ladies bright,  
Will in their dazzling state resort  
To this grand *fête* to-night:

The merry-hearted and the proud  
Will mingle in the glittering crowd,  
Who glide with Fashion's sparkling stream  
Where one I love will shine supreme!—

La ra la, la ra la, la la la, &c.

The cavaliers of Italy,  
The gay gallants of France,  
With Spain and England's chivalry,  
Will join the merry dance.  
The court of Love—the camp of Mars,  
Fair Prussian dames, “earth-treading stars,”  
To music's strain will float in light,  
Where one I love will beam to-night!—

La ra la, la ra la, la la la, &c.

[*Exit cheerfully.*]

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SCENE IV.

*Discovered. Grand Saloon in the Château of the Countess LANISKA, arranged for a Fête.—The scene opens with dancing and waltzing by the Characters, and discovers the King and retinue, Lords and Ladies of the Court, foreign Ambassadors and Attachés, the Countess LANISKA, ALBERT, WEDGEWOOD, KARL, Girls of the*



*Factory, &c., &c., &c. The Characters are variously grouped during the dance; and while all are observing the King, who, with KARL at his side, is attentively examining the Vases, which are placed on stands on one side of the stage, the Count LANISKA enters, conducting in SOPHIA and FREDERICA. After the dance, the King speaks.*

KING.

The hour has arrived which is to decide the fate of the competitors. (*All the Characters express by their looks and actions the utmost anxiety as to the result, and draw near to the King.*)

KARL (*to KING.*)

The inscription upon this vase is in the handwriting of the Count Laniska.

KING.

'Tis well.

KARL (*aside.*)

And it is his death-warrant!

KING.

Subjects and children: we have reason to be proud of an art that redounds to the honour and glory of Prussia. Where all have deserved well, all shall be well remembered. (*The Girls of the Factory manifest great joy at these words, and turn to congratulate each other. SOPHIA and LANISKA stand apart, and watch every action of the*

King, *while the other Characters appear greatly interested for SOPHIA.*) This vase, however, I select from the rest, as the most beautiful of them all. (*SOPHIA clasps her hands in great agitation.*) Let this be known to after-ages as "THE PRUSSIAN VASE;" and let the name here inscribed (*looks at and points to the name on the vase*) be chronicled throughout these realms. (*Takes SOPHIA by the hand.*) Sophia Mansfield is the artist, and she is free! (*SOPHIA, overcome by her feelings, falls on the bosom of FREDERICA.*)

CHORUS.

Victoria! victoria!

The Saxon maid is free!—

Victoria! victoria! &c.

SOPHIA.

My heart will break with gratitude!

COUNT.

And mine with joy!

KARL (*aside.*)

It will be of brief duration.

KING (*who has regarded SOPHIA with great interest.*)

Let the dance proceed.

(*A merry dance and waltz by the Characters, at the termination of which a tableau is formed. The utmost merriment and hilarity mark the action of the scene.*)

*At the conclusion of the dance, the King, who has been occupied in carefully examining the Vase, wipes it with his handkerchief, which becomes stained with the paint. KARL draws his attention to the inscription.)*

KARL.

Behold, my liege!—

KING.

Ha! What words are these? (*Reads.*) “To Frederick the Great Tyrant”—Treachery!—(*KARL immediately seizes the Vase, and carries it off, without the inscription being seen by any but the King.*) Break off the sports!

COUNTESS (*greatly astonished.*)

What means Your Gracious Majesty?

KING.

(*Who has taken out his tablets, and written on them in great haste—does not regard her, and speaks furiously.*)—Let all the doors be closed! Such base ingratitude shall not go unpunished!—Give over your mirth! Ho! My guards! (*Drums immediately sound.*) My guards!

(*Presto! Enter HAROLD, Corporal and Grenadiers in great haste. The King hands HAROLD his orders, and rushes out in a towering passion. Enter WEDGEWOOD. All the Guests are thrown into great confusion. Re-enter KARL.*)



HAROLD (*promptly.*)

Count Laniska, stand forth!

COUNT.

What is your business with me, Harold?

HAROLD.

You are our prisoner.

OMNES.

Prisoner?

KARL (*aside.*)

Now I triumph!

COUNT.

Under whose orders do you act?

HAROLD.

Those of the king.

OMNES.

The king!

HAROLD.

Sophia Mansfield!

ALBERT.

What of her?

HAROLD.

She must away with us to the castle of Spandau.

SOPHIA.

O Heaven, support me!

COUNT (*drawing his sword.*)

Touch her at your peril, Harold!

ALBERT.

This is madness! Give me your sword! (*Wrests it from him and gives it to HAROLD.*) Of what are they accused?

HAROLD.

Of ingratitude and treason!

OMNES.

Treason!

*Finale.*

COUNT.

Treason!

OMNES.

Treason!

COUNT.

It cannot be!

Of treason who accuses me?

HAROLD.

The king himself!—These orders read!

(*Hands paper to Count.*)

OMNES.

The king himself!

COUNT (*looking at the papers.*)

'Tis true indeed!

SOPHIA.

Oh, what a fearful change is here!

KARL (*aside.*)

I triumph now!—my vengeance fear!



---

HAROLD.

Your prisoners, guards!—No more delay!

(SOPHIA and LANISKA are made prisoners.)

OMNES.

The king's commands let all obey!

COUNT AND SOPHIA.

We must obey!

SOPHIA.

Oh, how my trusting heart is grieved!—

COUNT.

Our royal master is deceived!

No traitor I!—My loyal heart

Spurns with disdain so base a part.

SOPHIA.

How vainly Fortune smiled on me!

SOPHIA AND COUNT.

Oh, give me death or liberty!

KARL.

Tear them apart!

HAROLD AND GRENADIERS.

No more delay!

KARL.

To prison, hence!—

OMNES.

To prison?



---

HAROLD AND GRENADIERS.

Hence!

OMNES.

Away! away!

( *As the Guards attempt to separate Count LANISKA and SOPHIA, great confusion ensues, and the act-drop descends.* )

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*The stage represents part of the Castle of Spandau, and is arranged as follows: On the left, is a large rock; above which, in the distance, is the Tower. A large grated door opens upon a platform, surrounded by iron railings.—Count LANISKA is discovered leaning upon them. On the right, is an arched cell, with part of the wall jutting from the side, behind which is a secret door. Above this is a fine view of an open country, and a clear, blue, starlight sky. SOPHIA is seated in the cell, at a table.—The whole scene is so managed that, while the Audience have a full view of everything, the Prisoners, although they hear, cannot see each other.—Time, near midnight.—The curtain rises slowly to music.*

DUET—SOPHIA AND COUNT.

SOPHIA.

This gloomy cell is my abode at last;

The sole reward for all my perils past.

'Tis strange that love within the breast should dwell,  
When hope, dejected, bids the heart farewell!

COUNT.

What sounds are these? No human form is near,  
And yet that well-known voice I faintly hear!  
'Twas sure the fancied music of the mind,  
Whose breathings mingled with the midnight wind.

BOTH.

Yes!—'Tis lost!—'Tis gone!—Hark! it comes again,  
Like distant echoes of a melting strain:  
In melody { <sup>her</sup> <sub>his</sub> } spirit floats around!—  
That voice!—These walls are vocal with the sound.  
I hear its music near me still!—'Tis there!  
Sure 'tis some gentle spirit of the air!

*(During the duet, the moon has been gradually rising,  
and the light falls through the grated windows of the  
Prison.)*

*(Enter Jailor, from the Tower, to Count LANISKA.)*

JAILOR.

Count Laniska—a friend, with an order from the king.

COUNT.

I attend him.

*[Exit Count LANISKA.]*

*(Jailor closes the iron door over the grated window, locks  
it, and retires.)*



---

SOPHIA.

'Twas but a dream!—'Tis past, and all is still again!

[*The bell in the Tower strikes twelve.*]

BRAVURA — SOPHIA.

Hark! 'tis the deep-toned midnight bell,

That bids a sad and long farewell

To the departed hour;

How like a dirge its music falls

Within these cold and dreary walls,

Where stern misfortunes lower!

Ah! vainly through these prison-bars

Glide the pale beams of moon and stars,

To cheer this lonely tower;

From evening's close to dawn of day,

Hope's star sheds not a single ray

To light the solemn hour!

Alas! what pangs must guilt conceal,

When innocence like mine can feel

So crushed in such an hour!

I know not whether love be crime—

But if it is, in every clime

'Tis woman's fatal dower!

I can find no clew to this most cruel treachery. What fiend in human shape has plotted my destruction? (*Sound of chains—prison-door is unlocked.*) Ah! Karl here!

(Enter KARL, who secures the door through which he came in. He takes a position on the opposite side of the stage, and regards SOPHIA attentively.)

KARL.

Well, Sophia, we meet at last where we can confer without the possibility of interruption. I came to save you.

SOPHIA.

My life would not be worth preserving, owing anything to you.

KARL.

Subdue this unavailing anger, and listen to your friend.

SOPHIA.

Not to you. The enmity of such a man is a tribute paid to honesty. Friend! (*scornfully.*)

KARL.

I came to give you liberty.

SOPHIA.

How?

KARL.

By flight.

SOPHIA.

Where?

KARL.

To Saxony.

SOPHIA.

With whom?



KARL.

The only one who loves you.

SOPHIA.

Name him.

KARL.

Behold him at your feet!

SOPHIA.

What mockery is this? Mark me, Karl: I am a weak, friendless, unprotected girl. If your sex is strong, mine is resolute. Abandon your present designs—give up this useless suit, and cease to persecute the innocent.

KARL.

I have heard you! Now listen to me. You are my destiny.

SOPHIA.

Wretch!

KARL.

I cannot and I will not live without you. To secure, if not your love, at least the possession of your person, I have perilled everything. You are mine by right, and I will have my own!

SOPHIA.

Yours by right!—

KARL.

Yes!

SOPHIA.

What right?



KARL.

The king gave you to me.

SOPHIA.

I was not his to give.

KARL.

You were his bondwoman.

SOPHIA.

And his bondwoman spurned you, as she ought!

KARL.

With scorn you did!—I have not forgotten it!

SOPHIA.

And does so now again.

KARL.

You love another!

SOPHIA.

I'll not deny it.

KARL.

Torture! (*Draws his dagger.*)

SOPHIA (*greatly terrified.*)

Karl, you would not stain this prison-floor with blood!

KARL.

I would, to strike my rival's heart through yours!—  
But words may make the blow unnecessary. (*Puts up  
his dagger.*) Hear me, Sophia. Till I saw you, I never  
felt the pangs of love!—I never shed a tear! From man-  
hood's early dawn, my savage nature could not brook

reproof; nor friend nor foe had power over me. Your smile alone subdued this callous heart. Sophia, save me!—Save a repentant, wretched man!

SONG—KARL.

(*German air.*)

Once, mild and gentle was my heart!

My youth from guile was free!

But when love's bonds were torn apart,

What joy had life for me?

No words, no threats could daunt my soul,

My reckless spirit spurned control

Till swayed by smiles from thee!

A wanderer o'er the desert sand,

An outcast on the sea,

An exile from my native land—

What's all the world to me?

Each friend misfortune proved a foe:

I scorned the high—despised the low—

Till swayed by smiles from thee!

(*At the conclusion of the song, enter, by the secret door,*

HAROLD *with a carbine, conducting in* ALBERT *and*

WEDGEWOOD *stealthily.*)

HAROLD (*aside.*)

I knew that I was right.

ALBERT (*aside.*)

Silence — on your lives!

WEDGEWOOD (*aside.*)

If it is convenient! [*They conceal themselves.*

SOPHIA.

It is in vain!

KARL.

Then you must away with me this very night, this very hour, or perish here! (KARL *advances and takes her by the wrist.* ALBERT *keeps* WEDGEWOOD and HAROLD *off.*)

SOPHIA.

Villain, forbear! Oh, help me, Heaven!

KARL (*drawing his dagger.*)

You call in vain! Your doom is sealed! — Die! (*As he is about to stab* SOPHIA, WEDGEWOOD *seizes his arm.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

You lie, you infernal scoundrel!

KARL.

Ha! betrayed! — Have at you, then! (*A struggle ensues between* KARL *and* WEDGEWOOD, *in which the former is overcome and thrown upon the ground.* SOPHIA *rushes into* ALBERT's *arms in great agitation.* HAROLD *advances to the centre of the stage, and aims his carbine at* KARL. *At the same moment,* WEDGEWOOD, *who has had a desperate struggle with* KARL, *exclaims —*)



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WEDGEWOOD.

Your dagger! your dagger! (*Wrests it from him.*)  
Now yield, or die!—(*Rises, places his foot upon KARL,  
and holds the dagger up*)—If it is convenient!

(*Tableau.—Scene closes.*)

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE II.

*Another cell in the Castle of Spandau.—Enter Count  
LANISKA and Jailor.*

JAILOR.

Count Laniska, you bear the king's commission, although a prisoner; therefore, while I leave you to examine these papers (*hands papers,*) received from Mr. Worendorf, I rely upon your honour not to attempt to escape.

COUNT.

Your confidence is not misplaced, believe me. [*Exit Jailor.*—(*Looks at papers.*) My friend is unwearied in my cause. But I am a soldier, and have ever held my life at the disposal of the king. If Sophia were free and happy, I could look upon death with an undaunted spirit. (*Puts up papers.*) How like an angel she appeared when last I gazed upon her heavenly face—now glistening with the tear, now radiant with the smile of beauty!

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SONG — LANISKA.

The gentle bird on yonder spray,  
That sings its little life away ;  
The rose-bud bursting into flower,  
And glittering in the sun and shower ;  
The cherry-blossom on the tree —  
Are emblematic all of thee.

Yon moon that sways the vassal streams,  
Like thee in modest beauty beams ;  
So shines the diamond of the mine,  
And the rock-crystal of the brine :  
The gems of heaven, the earth and sea,  
Are blended, all, dear maid, in thee !

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Gallery of Paintings at Sans Souci.*

*Enter ALBERT and WEDGEWOOD in haste, meeting the  
Countess LANISKA.*

ALBERT.

Have you seen the king ?

COUNTESS.

His Majesty has not yet appeared.

WEDGEWOOD.

A crate of mouldy straw for your warlike government! (*Snaps his fingers.*) That for your soldierlike system of doing business! I wouldn't give a broken basin for it! Why, the commanding officer has only to say, "Hang me up that tall fellow, like a scarecrow," and up he goes—tzck!—or, "Give me that short chap the cat-o'-nine-tails," and, whack, he has it—or, "Shoot me yonder half-dozen specimens of humanity," and, bang, 'tis done! (*Enter FREDERICK, followed by HAROLD, unperceived, at the back of the stage.*)

ALBERT.

If the king would but listen to reason—

WEDGEWOOD.

Ay, but he won't! I never saw such a resolute old curmudgeon; and then he's so proud, too! He's like a hard-baked stone jar—he won't bend anyhow. I know why he gave me his snuff-box: it was because I happened to help myself to a pinch out of the dirty old trumpery! If he, or you, or all of you, by any chance happened to live in England, or any other civilized country, this poor count and the girl too would have an impartial hearing before they were condemned.

COUNTESS.

But under this government we have blessings unknown to yours—



---

WEDGEWOOD.

But me no buts, madam! Give me the blessings of living under a government where no man can be condemned without a fair trial by jury, madam. To you Prussians, this is a matter of favour; but to us Englishmen, it is a matter of right!

COUNTESS.

Would to Heaven that my son and this poor girl could have such a trial!—

ALBERT.

And would to Heaven I might plead their cause!—  
*(The King, who has paid great attention to their conversation, walks down the stage, and suddenly stands in the midst of them. They all start, and fall back.)*

KING.

On one condition you shall—

OMNES.

The king!

KING.

On one condition, young man, your prayer shall be granted.

ALBERT.

Name it, sire—

KING.

If you fail to convince the judges of their innocence, that you shall share their punishment. Do you agree?

ALBERT.

I do, and set my life upon the issue.

KING.

Your life shall answer for it if you fail. (*To HAROLD.*) Give orders that the hall of the castle be immediately prepared for the trial. Use despatch, Harold! [*Exit HAROLD.*—(*To the Countess.*) You, madam, I believe to be wholly ignorant of your son's treachery.

COUNTESS.

If he be guilty—

KING (*sarcastically.*)

*If* he be guilty, madam?

COUNTESS.

Yes, sire; if he has forgotten what Your Majesty has done for Poland, he is no son of mine!

KING.

I shall spare you all the reflections I have made on the subject, madam. Tyrant as I am, I shall not punish the innocent mother for the guilty son. But perhaps this gentleman [*ALBERT,*] and your [*WEDGEWOOD*] recommended trial—

WEDGEWOOD.

Trial by jury! Your Majesty has said it! There's freedom in the very words!

KING.

How is it to be managed?

WEDGEWOOD.

Managed, Your Majesty? Why, according to law and justice.

---

KING.

Good!

WEDGEWOOD.

Twelve honest, upright, free and independent men are empanelled to hear the case—

KING.

Good again!

WEDGEWOOD.

All the witnesses are examined, and all the testimony fairly summed up by learned counsel—

KING.

Excellent!

WEDGEWOOD.

Then the grave expounders of the law—the judges—charge the jury, who, upon their oaths, return a verdict—

KING.

A glorious institution!

WEDGEWOOD.

The shield and protection of the rights of man—the bulwark of civil and religious liberty—and the admiration of the whole civilized world! Democratically odd!

KING.

Well—well—well—so justice be done, I care not for the means.



WEDGEWOOD.

By jingo, he's genuine porcelain! It's all right—fair, square and above-board—a clear field and no favour!

(*Enter HAROLD.*)

HAROLD.

Everything is in preparation. The judges are proceeding to their seats; the jury will soon be sworn, and the prisoners arraigned at the bar—

WEDGEWOOD (*to HAROLD.*)

Who's the crier of the court?

HAROLD.

That office is not yet filled.

[*Exit.*

WEDGEWOOD.

That won't do!—Illegally odd!

KING.

Perhaps, Mr. Wedgewood, you would like the appointment yourself?

WEDGEWOOD.

If it is convenient.

KING.

I confer it upon you.

WEDGEWOOD.

Thank Your Majesty. By Jove, we're sailing with wind and tide—a smooth sea below and a clear sky above us!

---

KING.

Well, gentlemen, I wish you a prosperous voyage; but take care that you do not run your vessel upon the rocks of litigation, and founder among the quicksands of the law.

WEDGEWOOD.

No danger, Your Majesty, with such a pilot [ALBERT.]  
—(*Sudden and loud shouts and confused noise without. Drums beat to arms.*) What is the meaning of all this commotion?

(*Enter HAROLD, in haste.*)

KING.

Out with it, Harold!

HAROLD.

The rumour of the treachery and ingratitude of the prisoners has spread like wildfire throughout the city—

KING.

Well!—

HAROLD.

The populace are in a ferment at the indignity offered to our beloved monarch, and demand the instant execution of the prisoners.

KING.

Well, well; say on.

HAROLD.

The multitude crowd every avenue to the palace, and

the château of the countess; and the royal guards are under arms to preserve the public peace.

KING.

So, so, so, so—

COUNTESS.

O Heaven! what will become of us?

KING (*proudly.*)

Have you not the king's protection? I will appear among my children, who are so apprehensive about my safety, that they sometimes forget themselves, and become a little unruly. They will be satisfied when they hear and see their father. (*Seeing the Countess look dejected.*) Do not droop, madam; your *guilty son* shall have a fair and impartial trial. (*Taking her hand.—To ALBERT sternly.*) Look to it, sir; for if you fail, you know what follows! (*Exit FREDERICK and Countess.—Immense cheering and beating of drums without.*)

WEDGEWOOD.

Bravo! He's a trump.—Bless me! a popular commotion!—No matter—I am crier of the court! Let me catch any of the little boys making a noise in the halls of justice—that's all! I'll make the king himself mind his P's and Q's, if he dare to interfere with *our* grave deliberations! I will act as becomes my station. His



Majesty has a jewel in me, and I'll convince him that authority in my hands is a knock-down argument—so-fist-ically odd!

SONG — WEDGEWOOD.

That law's the perfection of reason,  
No one in his senses denies;  
Yet here is a trial for treason  
Will puzzle the wigs of the wise.  
The lawyers who bring on the action  
On no single point will agree,  
Though proved to their own satisfaction  
That tweedle-dum's *not* tweedle-dee!

To settle disputes, in a fury  
The sword from the scabbard we draw;  
But reason appeals to a jury,  
And settles—according to law.  
Then hey for the woolsack!—for never  
Without it can nations be free;  
But trial by jury for ever!  
And for tyranny—fiddle-de-dee!

[*Exit.*

## SCENE THE LAST.

*Discovered. The whole stage is thrown open, and represents the Hall of the Palace at Potsdam, arranged as a court-room. On a carpeted platform is the royal seat of state, occupied by three Judges. On the right and left of them are cushioned seats for the King and his retinue, and Officers of state. In front of the judgment-seat is a large centre-table, on which are various law-books and the Prussian Vase. Around the table are suitable places for the Advocates in the cause. On each side are elevated benches, occupied by the Girls of the Factory, behind whom are stationed platoons of the Royal Guards. At the end of the benches on the right is the jury-box, with twelve Jurors, and the desk of the Crier, on which is a small mallet. Around the whole stage is a large gallery, crowded with the Citizens of Potsdam.—The entire scene is intended to represent an English Criminal Court of Law of the olden time, in full costume, with scarlet robes, ermine gowns, &c.—The following Characters are discovered in their respective places: Baron ALTENBERG, the Attorney-General and Advocate for the Crown; the Workmen of the Factory, as Witnesses; the Jailor, HANS, GERTRUDE, HAROLD and Corporal; Count LANIS-*

KA, *guarded, attended by the Countess and FREDERICA*; SOPHIA MANSFIELD, *guarded, and attended by Factory-Girls*; ALBERT, *as Advocate for the Prisoners, and WEDGEWOOD, as Crier of the Court*; Officers of state, Ladies of the Court, Porters of the Hall, and the King. — *This scene is accompanied by the Orchestra. — Music as the scene opens —*

CHORUS.

With mercy let justice  
To mortals be given,  
For Justice and Mercy  
Are twin-born of heaven!

(*As Baron ALTENBERG rises, WEDGEWOOD says, in a subdued tone of voice, and very respectfully —*

WEDGEWOOD.

Silence in the court!

ALTENBERG.

May it please your lordships, these facts are not denied: the inscription in the handwriting of the count; his free access to the factory; his frequent use of the word *tyrant* when speaking of the king; his earnest interest in the Saxon maid; her love for the count, and her opposition to the will of our most gracious sovereign for allotting her to the overseer as his bride: and they all unite in establishing their crime, the punishment of







WEAGWOOD.

which is *death*. Had not His Majesty chanced to wipe off, with his own handkerchief, the blue paint which concealed the word *tyrant*, the vase would have been sent to Paris, the king and people disgraced, and the criminals safe in Saxony. Yes, gentlemen (*to the Jury*), this splendid ornament, which is to be known to all future ages as "The Prussian Vase," is defaced with the treasonable inscription—"To Frederick the Great Tyrant."

KING (*rising in excitement, and forgetting himself.*)

Yes, soldiers and subjects, friends and children, this word is applied to *me*—to your *father*—by these base ingrates here!—

CHORUS.

Shame, shame, shame!

Long live the king! &c.

WEDGEWOOD (*in a commanding tone, and striking the desk with his mallet.*) . .

Silence in the court, or I'll put you in the stocks, juvenile delinquents and all! What an odd people!

KING.

I beg the indulgence of your lordships for my infirmities of temper. Let the cause proceed. (*Takes his seat.*)

JUDGE.

The case for the crown, gentlemen, is fully before you, and is submitted in the confidence that you will discharge your duty faithfully.



KING (*again forgetting himself.*)

Ay, discharge your duty faithfully!

WEDGEWOOD (*with great authority rapping on the desk.*)

Silence in the court, Your Majesty!

JUDGE.

Let the counsel for the prisoners now proceed.

ALBERT.

Place Karl in the witness-box.

(*Enter KARL and HAROLD.*)

SOLO AND CHORUS.

KARL.

What outrage more? At whose command

Am I thus shackled and restrained?—

What mockery's this? In this free land

The subject's rights should be maintained.

CHORUS.

The traitor braves the king's command!

KARL.

Those whom the lion would ensnare,

Should of his reckless fangs beware!

The forest-monarch, held at bay,

Will turn and spring upon his prey!

CHORUS.

Thus bold will guilt full oft appear!—

The sword of Justice let *him* fear!

WEDGEWOOD (*as KARL is placed in the witness-box.*)  
Silence in the court!

CHORUS.

With mercy let justice  
To mortals be given;  
For Mercy and Justice  
Are twin-born of heaven.

KARL.

Why am I summoned here against my will?

ALBERT.

You are here to answer, not to question, sirrah!

KARL.

By what authority do *you* command my answers? In  
these realms the king alone commands.

KING (*again forgetting himself.*)

That's true—that's very true—the king alone com-  
mands—

WEDGEWOOD (*shaking his mallet at the King.*)

What, Your Majesty—you will—will you?—

KING.

Oh, I have forgotten myself again! (*Takes his seat.*)  
Confound the fellow!

KARL (*aside.*)

The king here? Then I have one friend at least on



whom I may rely. (*To King.*) Shall I—may I speak freely?

KING.

The king has no authority now. (*Pointing to the jury-box.*) There are the sovereigns of the people, and to them you must appeal. (*Aside.*) What a situation for a monarch!

ALBERT (*to KARL.*)

You know yon Saxon maid and the Count Laniska?

KARL.

I do, and *hate* the count.

ALBERT.

Wherefore?

KARL.

He has thwarted my designs!—No, no, I mean not *that*! I mean that I hate him because he plotted treason against the king, and wrote “Tyrant” upon the vase.

ALBERT.

Did he write it?

KARL.

He did—these eyes beheld him.

COUNT (*aside.*)

The perjured caitiff!

SOPHIA.

O Heaven, have mercy upon us!

COUNTESS.

They are lost!



(Countess leans on FREDERICA. The King beckons to HAROLD, who goes to him. They engage in earnest conversation, occasionally pointing to KARL. HAROLD is supposed to be informing him of the arrest of KARL in SOPHIA'S cell. KARL leaves the witness-box, and is about to retire; but is stopped by HAROLD.)

ALBERT.

Call the German innkeeper to the stand.

[HANS is placed in the box.

KARL (*aside*.)

I tremble with apprehension!

ALBERT (*to HANS*.)

You deal in colours—do you not?

HANS.

Yaw, Mynheer.

ALBERT.

Have you sold any in Berlin lately?

HANS.

Yaw, Mynheer; I sold some of der Prussian blue to der Hungarian overseer of der factory, who gave me monish to say notting about it. He tried der quality upon dis little scrap of baper, vich he forgot, and vich I kept, mit der intention of giving him back ven I saw him again. It is scrawled all over mit der word "*Tyrant*."

KARL (*forgetting himself*.)

That paper's mine—give it me!

WEDGEWOOD (*instantly snatching the paper and holding it up, exclaims in a loud tone*)—

It's not convenient! (*Hands the paper to ALBERT, who reads it to the Judges.*)

ALBERT.

An attempt to imitate the handwriting of the count. Compare it with the word upon the vase.

JUDGE.

It is the same!

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! &c.

WEDGEWOOD (*forgetting himself, after the chorus has finished, shouts out at the top of his voice,*) Huzza!— (*which the King observing, rises to call him to order; when WEDGEWOOD, noticing the King, places his hand upon his own mouth; and looking round, and holding his mallet in a threatening manner over KARL, who is silent, by way of excusing his mistake, says*)—But silence in the court! (*The King, shaking his finger at WEDGEWOOD, takes his seat; HANS leaves the box.*)

ALBERT.

Place that workman on the stand. (*It is done.*) Did you ever see this vase before?

WORKMAN.

Yes, sir.

ALBERT.

Where?

WORKMAN.

I saw Karl receive it for the furnace, and I saw him marking upon it with a sharp instrument, which he suddenly hid in his bosom. (*KARL feels for his dagger, and half draws it, looking at SOPHIA ferociously. SOPHIA observes him narrowly, and with great apprehension.*)

ALBERT.

Who took the vase from the furnace?

WORKMAN.

Karl.

ALBERT.

Who had possession of it afterward?

WORKMAN.

Karl.

ALBERT.

Who pointed out the word "Tyrant" to the king at the *fête* of the countess?

KING (*rising with great emotion, and entirely forgetting himself.*)

Karl!

ALBERT.

Who has misled, blinded and deceived the king?

KING (*with great emotion.*)

Traitorous, fiendlike Karl!



KARL (*aloud.*)

I am stunned with horror!

KING (*leaving his seat, and coming down in great haste—*

WEDGEWOOD *raises his hammer.*)

By your leave, Mr. Wedgewood.

CHORUS (*as the KING descends.*)

Long live the king! &c.

(*The King takes his station in the centre of the stage, and lifts his hat.*)

KING.

If the court please—

WEDGEWOOD (*aside.*)

Bravo! His Majesty is becoming a principal witness.  
(*In a subdued tone of voice.*) Silence in the court!—The king speaks!

KING (*rapidly.*)

I see it all! The case is clear. Karl had my permission to espouse Sophia. She refused him. Laniska loved her. Karl hated him, and planned her destruction; visited her in prison; tried to force her to fly the country with him; she refused, and he would have slain her, had not Mr. Wedgewood, the Advocate and Harold—who has just told me all—struck him to the ground. Karl plotted this mischief—Karl bought the paint—Karl wrote the word—and Karl shall DIE!

KARL (*draws his dagger.*)

But not unavenged! (*He darts toward SOPHIA, and makes an attempt to stab her. SOPHIA shrieks and runs to LANISKA. All the Characters rise, greatly excited, and watch the scene with deep interest. The Guards present their pikes to the breast of KARL, who is seized by HAROLD and Corporal—in the brief struggle with whom, KARL's shirt-sleeve is torn open, and the felon's brand is discovered on his arm. To this ALBERT points in triumph.—Tableau.—The whole action is instantaneous.*)

HAROLD (*with great eagerness.*)

Behold, my liege, the felon's brand! (*Presto—all start with astonishment.*)

CHORUS.

Now, who's the traitor?

[*The Jurymen rise.*]

QUINTETTE AND CHORUS.

KARL.

The javelin from an unseen hand  
Was sent that laid me low!—  
Behold exposed the felon's brand  
Unto my mortal foe!

CHORUS.

Who's now the traitor? &c.

JUDGE (*promptly.*)

What say the jury?

FOREMAN (*promptly.*)

The prisoners are innocent! (*Presto—all start with joy.*)

CHORUS.

The prisoners are innocent! &c.

(*Some of the Characters clasp their hands—others embrace. SOPHIA and LANISKA turn to ALBERT, and the Countess and FREDERICA to the King, in gratitude.*)

KARL.

Oh, rage and fury! (*KARL is secured by HAROLD and Corporal.*)

CHORUS.

Rejoice! our loyal hearts we bring  
As free-will offerings to the king!

SOLO—SOPHIA TO KING.

Oh, let me to thy ermine cling  
In gratitude (*kneels.*) God bless the king!

CHORUS.

God save the king!  
Long live the king! &c.

(*The Workmen and Girls of the Factory, Advocates, Officers, Soldiers, Ladies and Gentlemen, Spectators, and all the Characters on the stage, indicate by appro-*



*priate and spontaneous action the deep and intense interest they take in the verdict.—KARL gasps and faints, and is supported by HAROLD and Corporal.—WEDGEWOOD notices the tableau with great self-complacency.—[The whole action is simultaneous.]—KARL is borne off by HAROLD and Corporal. All the Characters then turn, and by looks and actions congratulate each other, and the scene instantly becomes one of general joy.)*

KING.

This court is now dissolved. (*The principal Characters leave their stations; and all the Parties, except the Judges and those in the gallery, come upon the stage.—To the Judges.*) Your lordships must pardon all irregularities. This is the first trial by Jury that ever took place in Prussia. Hereafter, no human power shall interrupt your grave deliberations. (*To Count LANISKA.*) Count Laniska, I took your sword from you this morning: I here present you mine. (*Count kneels and receives it.*)

COUNT.

This, with my life, I dedicate to Your Majesty's service!

KING (*to ALBERT.*)

As for you, sir, the sword is not your weapon. (*HAROLD advances with a golden pen upon a velvet cushion.*

ALBERT *kneels.*) Receive this emblem of far greater power than all the implements of war, and wield it for the benefit of mankind. Rise, Baron——

ALBERT.

Mansfield, Your Majesty——

KING (*with surprise.*)

Mansfield?

SOPHIA.

My heart was not deceived! My long-lost brother!

ALBERT (*ALBERT and SOPHIA rush into each other's arms.*)

My dear, dear sister!

KING (*looking at them.*)

So, so, so! Oh, what an old fool I have been! (*Looking around.*) Come hither, Sophia. (*She advances; the King takes her hand.*) I owe you some amends for your long and patient suffering on my account (*taking the Count's hand*)—and thus I make them. (*SOPHIA and LANISKA join hands joyfully.*) How well the criminals understand each other! (*Rubbing his hands, and walking joyfully about the stage.*) Ah, Mr. Wedgewood, I don't care if I take a pinch of snuff out of that same box I gave you the other day.

WEDGEWOOD (*presenting box.*)

Your Majesty has added to its value a diamond worth all the rest, in finding it is large enough for two of us.

KING.

Good! (*Notices* FREDERICA.) What! Frederica, my fair namesake and little god-daughter—in the dumps? (*Looking at* ALBERT.) Oh, I understand. (*To* Countess.) By your leave, madam. (*Hands* FREDERICA *to* ALBERT.) You perceive, Mr. Wedgewood, that I have a large family to look after and provide for; but I am a happy father, sir—mine are good children, very good children! I wish I had more like these.

WEDGEWOOD (*significantly.*)

If Your Majesty goes on in this way, there'll be plenty more—in time.

KING.

All are now satisfied—at least I hope all are so here. (*To the audience.*) If, as a king, I may, on another occasion, command an audience—

WEDGEWOOD (*forgetting himself, lifting his mallet and flourishing it like an auctioneer*)—Going! (*Recollecting himself.*)—I mean—(*slowly and with gravity*)—s-i-l-e-n-c-e i-n t-h-e c-o-u-r-t! (*meaning the audience.*)

KING.

These witnesses will, I am sure, attend the next trial of the MAID OF SAXONY—

WEDGEWOOD.

If it is convenient!



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FINALE.

Our hearts are bounding with delight!

'Tis Freedom's jubilee!

For right has triumphed over might—

The bond again are free!

Hurrah!—hurrah!

Let the welkin ring!

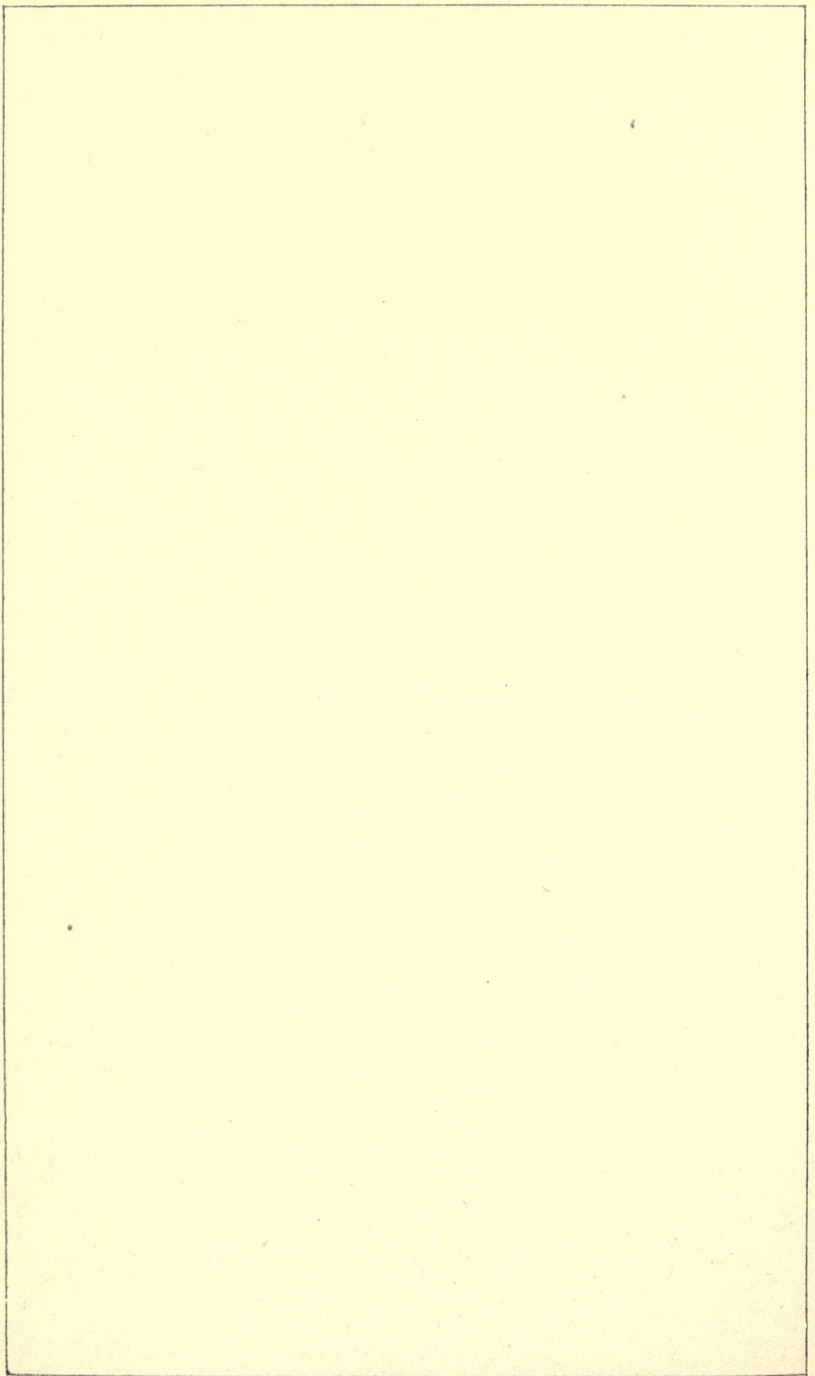
To Justice and Liberty

Pæans we sing!

*(Tableau.—Curtain falls.)*

END OF THE MAID OF SAXONY.

## NOTES.





## NOTES.

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Page 17.

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

THIS poem was written after seeing Miss FANNY KEMBLE, for the first time, in one scene of "The Hunchback."

Page 25.

THE CROTON ODE.

WRITTEN at the request of the Corporation of the city of New-York, and sung near the Park Fountain, by the members of the New-York Sacred Music Society, on the completion of the Croton Aqueduct, October 14, 1842.

Page 35.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

RIDING out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, who was once the expectant heir of the largest estate in America, but over whose worldly prospects a blight has recently

come, he invited me to turn down a little romantic woodland pass not far from Bloomingdale. "Your object?" inquired I. "Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather, near a cottage that was once my father's."—"The place is yours, then?" said I. "No, my poor mother sold it;" and I observed a slight quiver of the lip, at the recollection of that circumstance. "Dear mother!" resumed my companion, "we passed many happy, *happy* days, in that old cottage; but it is nothing to me now—father, mother, sisters, cottage—all are gone!"—and a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and a moisture came to his eyes, as he spoke. After a moment's pause, he added: "Don't think me foolish. I don't know how it is, I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend. In the by-gone summer-time it was a friend indeed. Under its branches I often listened to the good counsel of my parents, and had *such* gambols with my sisters! Its leaves are all off now, so you won't see it to advantage, for it is a glorious old fellow in summer; but I like it full as well in winter-time." These words were scarcely uttered, when my companion cried out, "There it is!" Near the tree stood an old man, with his coat off, sharpening an axe. He was the occupant of the cottage. "What do you intend doing?" asked my friend with great anxiety. "What is that to you?" was the blunt reply. "You are not going to cut that tree down, surely?"—"Yes, but I am though," said the woodman. "What for?" inquired my companion, almost choked with emotion. "What for? Why, because I think proper to do so. What for? I like that! Well, I'll tell you what for. This tree makes my dwelling unhealthy; it stands too near the house; prevents the

moisture from exhaling, and renders us liable to fever-and-ague.” —“Who told you that?” —“Dr. S \* \* \*.” —“Have you any other reason for wishing to cut it down?” —“Yes, I am getting old; the woods are a great way off, and this tree is of some value to me to burn.” He was soon convinced, however, that the story about the fever-and-ague was a mere fiction, for there never had been a case of that disease in the neighbourhood; and then was asked what the tree was worth for firewood. “Why, when it is down, about ten dollars.” —“Suppose I make you a present of that amount, will you let it stand?” —“Yes.” —“You are sure of that?” —“Positive.” —“Then give me a bond to that effect.” I drew it up; it was witnessed by his daughter; the money was paid, and we left the place with an assurance from the young girl, who looked as smiling and beautiful as a Hebe, that the tree should stand as long as she lived. We returned to the road, and pursued our ride. These circumstances made a strong impression upon my mind, and furnished me with materials for the song I herewith send you.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HENRY RUSSELL, THE VOCALIST, DATED NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1837.

### Page 55.

#### THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

“EVERY part of the brief but glorious life of POCAHONTAS is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain SMITH, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity. Two huge stones were placed near the



water's edge ; Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid down, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood-stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and, with tears and entreaties, prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit, and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith, and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human nature is the same everywhere : the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened ; and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty ! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love, is not known. No favour was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterward had with him in England, 'in recompense for what I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.' John Randolph was a lineal descendant of this noble woman, and was wont to pride himself upon the honour of his descent. Pocahontas died in the twenty-second year of her age."—SKETCHES OF VIRGINIA

## Page 61.

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

"SALLIE ST. CLAIR was a beautiful, dark-eyed Creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was lavished upon Sergeant JASPER, who, on one occasion, had the good fortune to save her life. The prospect of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long, jetty ringlets from her exquisite head—to dress in male attire—to enroll herself in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him—was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention, except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch, like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The camp was surprised, and a fierce conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; but, endeavouring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet! After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in the corps when Sallie St. Clair was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a green, shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."—TALES OF MARION'S MEN.

## Page 63.

## JANET MCREA.

"WE seated ourselves in the shade of a large pine-tree, and drank of a spring that gurgled beneath it. The Indians gave a groan, and turned their faces from the water. They would not

drink of the spring, nor eat in the shade of the tree ; but retired to a ledge of rocks at no great distance. I ventured to approach them and inquire the cause of their strange conduct. One of the Indians said, in a deep and solemn tone : ‘ That place is bad for the red-man ; the blood of an innocent woman, not of our enemies, rests upon that spot !—She was there murdered. The red-man’s word had been pledged for her safety ; but the evil spirit made him forget it. She lies buried there. No one avenged her murder, and the Great Spirit was angry. That water will make us more thirsty, and that shade will scorch us. The stain of blood is on our hands, and we know not how to wipe it out. It still rests upon us, do what we will.’ I could get no more from them ; they were silent, even for Indians. It was the death of Miss McREA, they alluded to. She was betrothed to a young American by the name of Jones, who had taken sides with the British, and become a captain in their service. The lovers, however, had managed to keep up a correspondence ; and he was informed, after a battle in which he distinguished himself for his bravery, that his inamorata was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy-Hill. As it was dangerous for him to go to her, he engaged a party of confidential Indians to take his horse to her residence and bring her to his tent in safety. He urged her, in his letter, not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection ; and the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman. They proceeded on their journey, and stopped to rest under a large pine-tree near a spring—the one at which we drank. Here they were met by another party of Indians, also sent by the impatient lover, when a quarrel arose about her which terminated in her assassination. One of the Indians pulled the poor girl from her



horse ; and another struck his tomahawk into her forehead, tore off her scalp, and gashed her breast ! They then covered her body with leaves, and left her under the huge pine-tree. One of the Indians made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another brought him her scalp. He knew the long brown tresses of Miss McRea, and, in defiance of all danger, flew to the spot to realize the horrid scene. He tore away the thinly-spread leaves—clasped the still-bleeding body in his arms, and, wrapping it in his cloak, was about bearing it away, when he was prevented by his superior officers, who ordered the poor girl to be buried on the spot where she had been immolated. After this event a curse seemed to rest upon the red-man. In every battle their forces were sadly cut up—the Americans attacking them most furiously whenever they could get an opportunity. The prophets of the Indians had strange auguries ; they saw constantly in the clouds the form of the murdered white woman, invoking the blasts to overwhelm them, and directing all the power and fury of the Americans to exterminate every red-man of the forest who had committed the hateful deed of breaking his faith and staining the tomahawk with the blood of a woman, whose spirit still called for revenge. It was agreed among the Indians in a body to move silently away ; and by morning's light not a red-man was to be found near the British troops. Captain Jones, too, was no more. In the battle he led on his men with that fearlessness and fury that distressed minds often do ; but his men grew tired of following him in such perilous attacks, and began to fly. As he returned to rally them he received a ball in his back. Burning with shame, love and frenzy, he turned and threw himself on the bayonets of the enemy, and at once closed his agonies and expiated his political

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offence. He was laid by the side of her he had so ardently loved and deeply lamented."—EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Page 70.

*They're gone with my last shilling.*

"THIS is a fact, and no poetic fable."—BYRON.

Page 70.

*Florence's Saloon.*

A MUCH-FREQUENTED restaurant in Broadway.

Page 70.

*Sunny-Side.*

THE country residence of WASHINGTON IRVING.

Page 71.

*The luxury of wo.*

W-H-O-A!

Page 72.

*A wheel rigged for a tiller.*

A PECULIARITY of Commodore Christopher B. Miller's yacht,  
"The Ultra."

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Page 73.

*Long live the valiant Mayor !*

"IF you want me," said His Honour, at the Astor-Place riots, on the evening of the 10th of May, 1849, "you will FIND ME—  
*at the New-York Hotel !*"

Page 133.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THIS ballad is founded, in part, upon a thrilling story of the West, related by Mr. COOPER, the novelist.

Page 155.

THE SWEEP'S CAROL.

WRITTEN to be sung in character, for the purpose of introducing the wild, peculiar and well-known cry or carol of the sweeps of New-York.

Page 187.

THE FALLEN BRAVE OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN, at the request of the Corporation of the city of New-York, for the funeral solemnities to Lieutenant-Colonel BAXTER, Captains BARCLAY and PIERSON, and Lieutenants CHANDLER and GALLAGHER, of the New-York Volunteers, who died upon the battle-fields of Mexico. Sung by the members of the New-York Sacred Music Society, on Wednesday, the 12th day of July, 1848, in front of the City Hall.



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Page 191.

THE CHAMPIONS OF LIBERTY.

WRITTEN, at the request of the Common Council of the city of New-York, for the funeral solemnities in honour of the gallant and lamented Major-General WORTH, Colonel DUNCAN, and Major GATES, late of the United States army. Sung by the Sacred Music Society in the balcony in front of the City Hall, Thursday, November 15, 1849.

Page 213.

THE SOLDIER'S WELCOME HOME.

SUNG at the New-York Tabernacle, on the evening of April 18, 1849, by Mr. NASH, with a chorus of a thousand voices.

Page 215.

THE ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

THIS *jeu d'esprit* was written for and sung by the HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

Page 221.

NEW-YORK IN 1826.

THIS address, which has a local interest, is republished at the request of several of the author's friends—one of whom "desires to preserve it as one of the curiosities of rhyme;" and another "as a picture of New-York, and its belongings, a quarter of a century ago."

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Page 221.

## STANZA I.

"S. W." are the initials of my much-lamented friend, the late  
SAMUEL WOODWORTH, Esq.

*She whispers of coaches,*

*And lockets and broaches—*

refers to the holiday-presents in vogue at the time.

Page 222.

## STANZA II.

contains the name of an institution whose failure created great  
consternation in Wall-street.

Page 222.

## STANZA IV.

GAS-LIGHT was introduced into New-York about that period,  
and the gas-burners were formed in the shapes here mentioned.

Page 223.

## STANZA V.

*Seats on the Battery.*

AT the time alluded to there were none ; and there was incessant warfare between the press and the lessees of Castle Garden, which was finally settled by the interposition of the Common Council, who caused seats to be placed on the Battery for the accommodation of the public.



Page 223.

STANZA VI.

THIS stanza contains the names of the fashionable poets and editors of the day.

Page 223.

STANZA VII.

LAFAYETTE visited New-York during the administration of Governor CLINTON. The stanza also alludes to the then-recent completion of the Erie Canal, and to the troubles in Greece, which occupied much of the public attention.

Page 224.

STANZA VIII.

THE Bowery Theatre was built in 1826.

Page 225.

STANZA X.

THE Garcia troupe were then performing at the Park Theatre, and they were the first that produced Italian operas in this country. The KEAN riot had recently occurred.

Page 225.

STANZA XI.

NAMES of the Museums and other shows, giants and Indians being then their principal attractions.



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Page 225.

STANZA XII.

DESCRIPTIVE of the manner in which the New Year was ushered in.

Page 226.

STANZA XIII.

THE "NEW-YORK MIRROR" was one of the earliest periodicals devoted to American letters.

Page 247.

THE MAID OF SAXONY.

THIS Opera was first performed at the Park Theatre, on the 25th of May, 1842, and ran fourteen successive nights. It was entirely and completely successful, being nightly received with cheers.

THE END.

















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